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IMPORTANT You may send this form in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp, and if you are NOT already a Registered Reader of "John Bull" you may save postage by enclosing with it the Registration Form for "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance GIB which is on page 16 of this issue.

Last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement, Tuesday, June 22.

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APPALLING False Teeth FACTORIES

*Artificial dentures
are too often made
in overcrowded,
insanitary work-
shops that come
under no official
scrutiny or control*

IN this article we disclose for judgment an unpleasant side to an honourable profession.

The profession in question is that of dentistry.

Sooner or later we all reach the surgery or the dental practitioner. He, in his service, has nearly as much influence on public health as the doctor. The dentist fulfils a public duty in the same way as a medical man, although in a more limited scope.

There are 14,700 dental practitioners in the country who retain the confidence of their patients.

A majority of them receive, in addition to private fees, payments from the State for work under the National Insurance scheme.

Behind the dentist, as his essential assistant, lies the dental mechanic. He is the craftsman who carries out the manufacture of artificial dentures.

Although no exact occupational return exists, it is estimated that the number of dental mechanics in England exceeds 12,000. Many of them are men of long experience and extreme skill.

UPON their work rests the satisfaction of patients and, often, the reputation of practitioners.

Experts in such a trade should receive high wages and be employed under the best, most hygienic conditions.

Actually the reverse is the case. Wages are scandalously low; while conditions generally are appalling.

In most instances the dentist with a substantial clientele has his own private work-

shop where his mechanics are put to labour on the production of dentures.

Such small factories are frequently in attics or cellars—this applies particularly to London and the larger provincial cities.

Ventilation is bad. Cleanliness is not observed. Dust and dirt are everywhere. Provision for sanitary requirements is of a most limited kind. The mechanics are pushed to such an extent that they have not time for the proper cleaning of their own workroom or instruments.

READ this extract from a technical publication for a picture of a dentist's workshop:

"It would seem that some practitioners regard their mechanics as the lowest form of animal life. They are allowed to work in an atmosphere heavy with a haze of plaster particles, pumice, vulcanite fillings, and the unforgettable stench of escaping steam from the vulcaniser."

And mark this other authenticated case:—

"Three men and an apprentice worked in a damp, and in parts slimy, cellar measuring nine feet by nine and seven feet in height. One window, two feet square, provided the daylight."

Because of the conditions in this workshop, the young apprentice developed rheumatoid arthritis and died. The doctor who attended him in his fatal illness declared that no such place as this slimy cellar workshop should be allowed to exist.

Those are just examples of what the dentist, a professional man of education and culture, permits for his workpeople. In such dens as that cellar artificial dentures are manufactured.

For no apparent reason, dental workshops at a dentist's surgery are exempt from the provisions of the Factory Acts.

Consequently the unfortunate mechanic

is without protection. The law takes no cognisance of him. He must suffer in silence. A protest to his employer may mean dismissal.

Yet dental mechanics who work away from a surgery and in their homes come under the Factory Acts. A standard of decent accommodation is set to which they must conform, or take the consequences. Inspectors visit them. On the other hand, the wealthy dentist employer is immune.

Concerning wages, the position is dreadful. Pay at the rate of £2 to £3 a week to men of excellent capability is common. A salary of £5 a week is a rarity, except in London.

Recently an advertisement appeared in a widely circulated daily newspaper for an experienced dental mechanic to receive 22s. 6d. a week.

WE have the record of a mechanic with nine years' experience employed by a prominent dentist at a weekly wage of 30s.

Frequently dentists with large practices cheapen their labour costs by employing so-called "improvers" and apprentices, who receive no pay at all, or just pocket money.

Truly a sweated industry.

After all, it is not as though the dentist himself was paid poorly for his professional work.

Ordinary vulcanite artificial dentures, which cost a dentist, say, £3 in material and labour, are retailed to the patient at a charge of ten or twelve guineas.

With National Health Insurance work a dentist makes a net profit of at least £1 15s. for one full upper set of dentures. The mechanic who made those dentures would not be likely to get more than 8s. or 10s. for his workmanship.

THE dental mechanic has no fixed working hours. He is required to work just as long as his master orders—ten hours a day is not by any means unusual.

What is the remedy for all this? An easy, simple one. Without delay a Trade Board should be established by the Ministry of Labour for the industry. Hours should be standardised. A minimum scale of wages for apprentices, improvers and mechanics tabulated.

Beyond all else, dentists' workshops should be graded as factories—they are, in effect, factories—and regulations for the accommodation and health safeguards of the workmen enforced.

No longer must this stigma of underpaid labour, plus degraded conditions of work, rest on the profession of dentistry.

Epidemic Peril for Children

THERE'S a new worry for parents, a new peril for children. Both are contained in the new regulations on infectious diseases which are being introduced by the medical officers of many education committees.

Hitherto, when one child has caught measles, whooping cough, or scarlet fever, all his brothers and sisters have had to stay away from school.

That seemed sensible to most of us. But now orders have been issued that those brothers and sisters may not be kept at home.

Grave Danger

The medical officers justify their action by saying that these diseases are more dangerous to young children than older ones, and that it is better for children of school age to continue at school and risk the disease, rather than to stay at home, play with the babies, and give it to them.

That is all right as far as it goes. But the doctors in the midst of all their scientific jargon, have not seen the fallacy of their argument.

If the brothers and sisters who are "contacts" continue at school, they will spread it to other families. You may soon have every family in the school infected.

Stupid System

Then there will not merely be "contacts" but cases in every family; not merely a few families, but every family will be exposed to infection.

It might be all right to say, "Let the disease run its course among all the children of school age, so long as we keep the babies free."

But it doesn't look as though the new scheme will even ensure that.

So let us hope the President of the Board of Education will override these short-sighted medical officers.

Buying Foreign

Following our disclosure that contracts under the rearmament programme are being placed with foreign firms, the War Office now admits placing a big gun order with the Bofors Company, of Sweden.

Poland, Sweden, U.S.A., Finland, Latvia and France are supplying timber for the use and housing of our troops, though it might have been bought from the Dominions.

Sir Cooper Rawson, M.P., complains that our new roads are being made with foreign materials; crushed macadam and granite imports from Norway and Belgium have increased from 875 to 9,333 tons a month!

Facing Both Ways

We're not so foolish as to believe that we should try to restrict international trade to dangerous levels.

But we do think that a Government which exhorts the public to "Buy British" should set an example.

100-Hour Week

There are operatives in the woollen, dyeing, bleaching and calico-printing trades who are working a hundred hours a week.

On top of that a Birmingham welfare worker, giving figures to show that the accident rate in industry is going up, says prosperity always brings worse working conditions.

Boom or depression, the same poor devil suffers.

Jam for Coalowners

The Tory Government always stands by its friends.

There is more than appears to the eye

Judge Who Makes Our Blood Boil Working 100 Hours a Week Sorry for a Crook

behind the Prime Minister's announcement that the Bill to take over Mining Royalties is to be postponed for a year.

While this deliberate delay is being pursued, the royalty owners will go on drawing their £5,000,000 a year.

If that goes on for two years it will mean an extra £10,000,000 in their pockets before they are bought out. So now you know.

Secret Paper

Every electricity consumer in the country should share the indignation of M.P.s that a secret White Paper has been issued to private electricity concerns but denied to the people's representatives.

That paper deals with the future of the electricity industry and the proposal to amalgamate 600 companies into 75 more efficient units.

It is one way to reduce waste, inefficiency and high charges. But the companies oppose it.

Good for Gamblers

By the circulation of this "secret paper," members of those companies could indulge in Stock Exchange operations based on advanced but confidential information.

Sir John Simon admits that the position is "anomalous." A better word would be "scandalous."

Irony

Ironical that the Bureau of the Disarmament Conference should meet just when the German guns were shelling the Spanish port of Almeria.

Maybe you're surprised to hear that the Conference is not quite dead, though it's so little alive that the undertakers might as well be called.

It could be revived to perfect health if the world's statesmen, appalled by the terrific growth of armaments, went to Geneva without their military advisers. And the booming of the German guns makes that seem a forlorn hope.

We're Sorry

Prigs say that only a sentimentalist can sympathise with criminals. Well, we sympathise with a Hereford man named Thomas, who has committed the really grave crime of forgery.

He is on the Means Test. His wife has been ill for two years, is now in a critical condition. He has to support five children.

He has had attacks of neurasthenia since he was smashed up by falling from the top of a ship's mast to the bottom of the hold.

Ten weeks' rent was owing, he was frightened that his family would be evicted, when he stole two medical certificates from a doctor's room and, by forging them, obtained £3 odd in National Health benefit.

Bound Over

His wife's condition has saved him from jail. He's been bound over in a sum of £20, ordered to repay the money. How he'll do it we don't know.

Of course, he was indefensibly wrong to forge in order to keep his children alive. But if our sympathy for his plight proves us to be sentimentalists, we're still unrepentant.

Acid Peril

We're angry as well as sorry that three cyclists and three pedestrians were burned when acid spilled from a lorry in London.

We're angry because so many similar accidents have happened and our protests have been unheeded by the authorities.

Let us say again, therefore, that such

dangerous cargoes should not be allowed on the road, where the risks of accident are so much greater than on the railways or canals.

Windfall

It is good to note that the senior members of the staff of King's College Hospital, London, have received £2,000—provided by the Hospitals Savings Association—to pay their salaries.

But it's a pity it could not have been extended to the worthy tradespeople to whom the sum of £14,671 is still owing.

Just another obvious argument for hospital nationalisation!

Judicial Threat

A threat which makes our blood boil comes from Judge Banks, at Thorne County Court. He says he'll jail unemployed debtors unless they try to pay up.

How can they spare anything from their miserable allowances?

He also says that there are a great many men drawing the "dole" who are better off than men at work.

He doesn't know.

It would be good education if he were to spend a few days in JOHN BULL'S offices examining the hundreds of letters in our postbag.

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He doesn't know.

Though possibly suffering from a temporary nervous breakdown, young women have to associate with those in an advanced state of senile decay.

No Exaggeration

Ministry of Health officials have condemned the present building as "gravely unsatisfactory." The local bigwigs who disagree should be early candidates for admission to the new institution.

Risking Young Lives

Once again a school teachers' conference has been damning slum schools. Here's another bullet for their ammunition supply:—

Northumberland Education Committee is told that a coal company intends to work a seam under Westerhope school, is advised by experts to buy half the seam to keep a safe support for the school's foundations.

The committee, none the less, decides to "take a gamble" and risk the building's collapse rather than buy the coal!

Daft

Strange how some people seem to lose their intelligence when they become town councillors.

A Margate recreation ground has been turned into a refuse tip. Result: near-by houses are now infested with rats. We protested at the time; if our advice had been followed the residents wouldn't be protesting now.

This sort of folly isn't peculiar to Margate, so why not intelligence tests for would-be councillors?

Rubbing It In

Did the Croydon Recorder forget there is such a thing as probation for a first offence when he sentenced a headmaster to two months' imprisonment?

The offence was fraudulent conversion of £1 19s. 6d. But the extenuating circumstances were that he had undertaken to look after the accounts of a sports club without any previous experience of book-keeping. Had, in fact, become hopelessly muddled.

Since he is fifty-five and will anyhow lose his pension we don't think it was necessary to rub it in by sending him to jail.

Leasehold Lunacy

Of course, we're glad that opposition is rising throughout South Wales against the financiers who are buying up ground rents and offering the freehold of houses to the leaseholders at high prices.

We'd be better pleased to see a national campaign against the whole principle of the leasehold system, with all its injustices and hardships.

For it's a system so lunatic that only Britain would tolerate it.

Wiser Prisons

Wages for convicts is a sound innovation. The present system has failed. Sir Samuel Hoare, in admitting that men can't be kept from crime by making prison life inhuman, says what we have been saying for years.

More attention should be paid to reform than punishment; more done to keep people out of jail.

KNOCK-OUTS

Archbishop of Canterbury: "Midnight caller rang up to say, 'I am the public conscience of Great Britain,' so I hung up." *Supposing it had been?*

Mr. Justice Swift: "I don't know why anyone in the world should pay £800 for a fur coat." *Because many rich women lack sense.*

Dr. J. A. Hadfield: "Neurosis is the greatest scourge of mankind to-day, not excepting cancer." *The simple-life advocates are not so simple as they seem.*

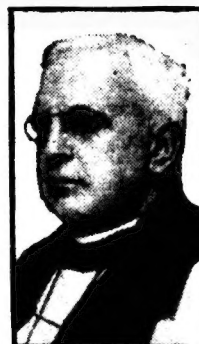
Mr. T. Bell, Middlesbrough magistrates' clerk: "No wonder boy is ill when he walks about in open-necked shirt." *Your job to advise on law, not air-cid-fashioned views on fashions.*



Sir C. Rawson, M.P.:
Rightly Complains



Judge Banks:
He Doesn't Know



Bishop of Southwell:
Makes Us Despair

CUT-PRICE RACKET Revelations

EXECUTION Dock, in the River Thames, is a grim reminder of the efforts made a century ago to stamp out piracy on the High Seas, and the comparative safety of ships at sea to-day is a ready proof that the methods employed were effective.

But there is, unfortunately, no modern "Execution Dock" in which the up-to-date commercial pirate can be summarily dealt with, though the Trade Marks Amendment Act now before the House of Lords will help.

This much-needed Bill will make it a criminal offence for a cut-price trader to change or in any way alter a trade mark, yet much more is needed.

Selling a shilling packet of cigarettes for 10½d., a tin of health food usually priced at 2s. 1d. at 1s. 9d., a nine-guinea wireless set for £8 10s. or a £300 car for £290 may be very clever, but it is a scandal.

For the cut-price bandit, who sells goods at less than the recognised prices, not only menaces 500,000 retail traders in this country, he threatens a reduction in the standard of living of the industrial worker, he injures the investor, and upsets the balance of trade.

He is a public pest and a national nuisance, a menace to 550,000 men and women who serve behind the counters of shops, and very frequently a crook into the bargain.

Trading at the expense of his honest rival, he continues in business at the public's expense, depending for his supplies either on bankrupt stocks, proceeds of shop and warehouse robberies—there are 15,000 yearly—or on bluff and subterfuge.

Many and various are the devices the pirate trader employs. He may set up a bogus shop and vanish after ordering vast quantities of goods. He may pose as an Army officer requiring supplies for a period in camp. Or he may employ a woman decoy, dressed as a nurse, to secure a consignment of supplies for an imaginary hospital.

One source of supply is no sooner closed to him than he finds another. He has been known to order goods in a northern county, only to transfer them by lorry to the South overnight for distribution among his cut-price confederates.

He will remove trade marks, or alter them, to pass off cheap substitutes as well known brands. One favoured device is to order goods ostensibly for export, but to divert them to cut-price shops in the provinces.



The woman who accepts a so-called "permanent" wave for as little as half-a-crown runs a grave risk

bread out of the mouths of shopkeepers and shop assistants.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent in recent years in efforts to curtail the activities of cut-price merchants, but not until Parliament takes a hand can he be stamped out.

The Motor Trade Association has set up a black list of individuals to whom manufacturers will not supply a single model.

The Proprietary Articles Trade Association, acting for well-known firms, has set up a black list containing more than 2,500 names of cut-price pirates.

The National Association of Outfitters has adopted opposite measures and issues a "recommended list" of traders who can be trusted.

Yet in spite of all the precautions the pirate is able to carry on. One instance before us shows that a shipload of goods ordered for export to Egypt were never delivered. They found their way into a chain of cut-price shops!

A little more light is thrown on the underhand methods of business that are practised by the conviction of a gang of men in Liverpool. Two shopkeepers, a salesman, an electrician and a labourer were found in possession of more than 600,000 cigarettes.

Stolen from other shops and warehouses in the neighbourhood, these were intended to swell the supplies at the pirates' command.

It is, perhaps, not generally known to the public at large that every single cigarette that is sold is secretly code-marked so that an investigator can trace it through all its stages from factory to consumer. And so is every motor car, every wireless set, every tin of baby food.

This very necessary system, costing manufacturers thousands of pounds, has been rendered essential because of the cut-price trader. But the more hardened tricksters will go so far as to open tins of prepared foods or to unroll a tube of dentifrice in order to mutilate such code-marks. Manufacturers of radio sets make most careful arrangements with authorised dealers, but the cut-price bandits still defeat them.

Working on a big scale, they open up in tem-

porary premises, stage a fake bankruptcy, move the stock to new premises, leave creditors unpaid, change the name of the business—and carry on.

The Bill that is now passing through Parliament will prevent a good deal of the traffic in manufactured goods at the hands of cut-price shopkeepers, who, among them, have cost the nation £20,000,000 a year, but, as we have said, it is not enough.

It will not, for example, protect the grocer handling as many as from a hundred to two thousand different items of stock, a dozen different pickles, a hundred kinds of soap.

Only in recent months has the trade pirate invaded the grocery retail business, but already he has made himself felt, underselling butter, cheese and jam. The Federation of Grocers' Associations is faced with a task bigger even than the tobacco manufacturers or the makers of confectionery.

Stability in prices, like stability of wages in industry, or a fair margin of profit, is essential to the public welfare, and for that reason alone the pirate in the retail trade must be strenuously fought.

The woman who accepts a so-called "permanent wave" for as little as half-a-crown runs a grave risk.

Also, she may be unwittingly supporting establishments similar to certain notorious hairdressing saloons in Newcastle, at which eighty assistants were fleeced of sums ranging from £50 to £100 for worthless training.

There are many spurious hairdressing establishments now springing up, where unsuspecting women may be burned or scalded or run the risk of incurring skin diseases through treatment by "cut-price" amateurs.

In the same way, cheap imitation medicines and cosmetics sold by cut-price merchants are wreaking untold harm among young girls seeking so-called "beauty and culture."

Cheap goods and good service are the requisites to national welfare, but the pirate who exploits the necessity is a definite menace, and the sooner his activities are curtailed the better.

The Bill which has passed unopposed through two readings in the House of Commons, backed by prominent men like Lord Templemore, Viscount Goschen and Lord Melchett, will protect some 2,500 articles of everyday use, but it will not make it illegal for the cut-price bandit to carry on his pernicious trade.

Much more drastic measures will have to be taken if this growing racketeering is to be adequately dealt with.

Invading the confectionery and tobacco business, the cut-price bandit has been outlawed by the "Big Five" among the chocolate manufacturers and by the Tobacco Trade Association, yet he has found his way into the grocery retail trade, and is actively competing in the sale of perfumes, cosmetics, wireless sets, and furniture.

He offers a cheap "permanent wave" to the detriment of the professional hairdresser, hawks petrol at below the scheduled price, and sells motor cars at cost price.

For more than twenty years the "kerbside" salesman, as he is known in the trade, has undermined the motor industry, offering the latest models at reduced rates, or, on the other hand, giving temptingly inflated allowances for used cars taken in part exchange.

Having neither rent nor wages to pay, nor any establishment to maintain, the "kerbside" vendor trades on the public weakness for a "bargain," and the Motor Trade Association has been forced to set up a special department to deal with him.

But there is no law to prevent the pirate from selling a £300 car for £275, or from passing on a £12 12s. radio set for £10, and thus taking the

Exclusive Informations Directed by Sir Wyndham Childs

Family Eviction OUTRAGE

RECENT speeches by Government spokesmen seem to have been framed to suggest that the working-class housing problem of Britain has been almost completely solved.

Never was there greater misconception—if these utterances are believed.

At least a million and a quarter new houses are required to be built and let at reasonable rent before the Government can find any cause to sing its own praises.

In view of that position, the harshness of many local authorities in dispossessing people of their homes is astounding.

It would be difficult to imagine a worse case than that of Mr. Robert Owens, who is now temporarily living at Don Street, Old Goole, Yorkshire.

* * *

Mr. Owens is a marine fireman—he has just completed fifteen years' service with one shipping company—and, while he was at sea, the West Riding County Council turned his wife and their six children (ranging in age from eleven years to six months) into the street with their furniture because, it was said, the house was required for demolition under a road-widening scheme.

There was not the smallest mercy for the family, although for twelve years Mr. Owens' name has been on the waiting list of the council for a decent house.

No reason has ever been given why a

Mr. Owens, his wife, and their six children who were evicted while he was at sea

house has not been allocated to his family. Perhaps we can supply one.

In the part of Yorkshire where Owens lives, some local administrators have been fond of declaring that there is no slums

problem. These statements are sheer bluff. Mr. Owens called it—first by writing a letter to a newspaper telling the truth and then posting on the door of the house he occupied the following notice:

The public of Goole is invited to inspect these premises to see if they are fit for human habitation. Our worthy councillors are also invited to inspect them and to state if any of them would like to live here.

Following these tactics, the responses to Mr. Owens' appeals for a proper home became colder and colder.



A Council's CRUELTY

MR. WILLIAM BARNARD, of Docking, near King's Lynn, is only a chimney-sweep. His lowly position in life will not affect just consideration of these facts regarding him which we have to present to the Home Secretary.

Barnard, a man of sixty-three, with an irreproachable record, has just been arrested and taken away to prison for a month.

He must be released instantly.

* * *

In his rural home, Barnard is almost the sole support of his wife and six sons, daughters and grandchildren.

Except when any member of the family can obtain occasional employment, he has to devote all his earnings—about £1 a week at the most—to the maintenance of the home.

Often, of course, that meagre income is far from sufficient and privation is a frequent visitor to Barnard's cottage.

He has another daughter, a woman thirty-two years of age, who has for years been a patient in an asylum controlled by the Norfolk County Council.

She was placed in that institution against her parents' wish.

Nevertheless, Mr. Barnard was ordered to pay three shillings a week towards her maintenance.

This order was so harsh that, when it was made, the squire of Docking came forward and undertook to help Mr. Barnard to meet the obligation. But the squire died two years ago, and since then the poor village chimney-sweep has had to meet the demands of the authorities by himself.

By reason of meagre earnings during the last few months, it has been quite impossible for Mr. Barnard to keep up the weekly payments to the county council. He fell into arrears to the amount of about £4.

Now the council has obtained an order for his committal to prison for a month and has executed it.

* * *

The Home Office is very jealous of the proper administration of the new Act by which poor people must be given time to pay or excused payment altogether when it is proved that they are without means to discharge their debts.

Unfortunately this Act only provides for leniency in the payment of fines, rates and affiliation and wife maintenance orders, and does not cover cases so deplorable as that of Mr. Barnard.

The sooner it is amended to do so the better.

Terrible Inquest Blunder

NO condemnation of the archaic inquest system of England has probably ever been more dramatically expressed than in the result of a trial at Northampton Assizes a few days ago.

A well-known business man in that town, Mr. W. T. Horn, a newsagent and commercial traveller, was acquitted of a charge of manslaughter.

He should never have been in the dock at all. He had been placed in peril solely by the incompetency of a coroner's jury.

The fact that the man had to stand his trial on the grave charge before a judge at the Assizes will appear still more remarkable when it is mentioned that the same charge had been previously investigated by police court magistrates and that they had dismissed it and discharged him as innocent.

For four months Mr. Horn has undergone a cruel ordeal in consequence of the amazing inquest blunder. His sad and costly experience should impress upon Parliament once and for all the absolute necessity of curbing coroners' powers when a case is already the subject of police investigation.

Mr. Horn has been a motorist for nearly twenty-five years and drives about 20,000 miles yearly.

One morning early in February last he went to his garage and was surprised to find that there was some damage to the bodywork of his car, and that what appeared to be milk stains were spat-tered over the wings of the vehicle.

He had driven home late on the pre-

vious night, and he asked himself at once the question whether an accident had occurred unknown to him. Let it be explained that Mr. Horn is a man of a singularly sensitive and sympathetic nature, and there is no doubt whatever that if he had the slightest knowledge that he had been in collision he would have stopped.

Without even waiting to divest himself of his overalls, he rushed to the police station and enquired if any accident had been reported. He was told that a cyclist had been run into on the night before on the road along which he had travelled, and that the man, thrown from his bicycle, had died from a fracture of the skull caused by his fall.

Mr. Horn then recalled that about the scene of this accident he had felt a slight bump, but he had supposed at the time that it was due to his off-wheel grazing the kerb. Voluntarily—anxiously, indeed—he told these things to the police and invited them to come to his garage to inspect his car.

These were the actions of an innocent man. But clearly there was a case for enquiry in the police court, and Mr. Horn was ready, with a clear conscience, to face such proceedings.

The coroner began his investigation first, however, and he carried it on to the bitter end, notwithstanding the fact that the police had the case in hand.

To such a bitter end that Mr. Horn was committed for trial on a man-

slaughter charge on the coroner's warrant of "criminal negligence."

It was an extraordinary verdict. It was reached despite the clearest evidence of the following facts:—

- (1) That the dead man had been riding a girl's bicycle.
- (2) That he carried in his right hand a pail of milk.
- (3) That, because of a war wound, his left arm and hand, with which he was trying to control the bicycle, were largely useless.
- (4) That he had no reflector.
- (5) That he used no more for white marking on the rear of his bicycle than a tiny disc cut from a thin paper cigarette packet.
- (6) That the road where the accident occurred was unlit.
- (7) That the only testimony as to Horn's driving on the night of the accident was that it was slow and careful.
- (8) That engineering and scientific evidence was that the impact could not have been violent.

Irrespective of all these things, a verdict of manslaughter was returned against Mr. Horn and the coroner issued his warrant.

Then the independent police proceedings began. The magistrates held that there was no evidence to justify the manslaughter charge and dismissed it.

But the coroner's warrant still ran. Mr. Horn, after four months, has now had to take his trial before Mr. Justice Singleton at the Assizes, where he has been again acquitted.

It is terrible that any citizen who, from the first, is clearly innocent should have to endure such a long ordeal because of glaring faults in the antiquated inquest system.

No case has ever more completely demonstrated the need for the drastic curtailment of the functions of coroners' courts.



Lord Wright, inquest reform enquiry chairman



Mr. Justice Singleton

Art and Craft

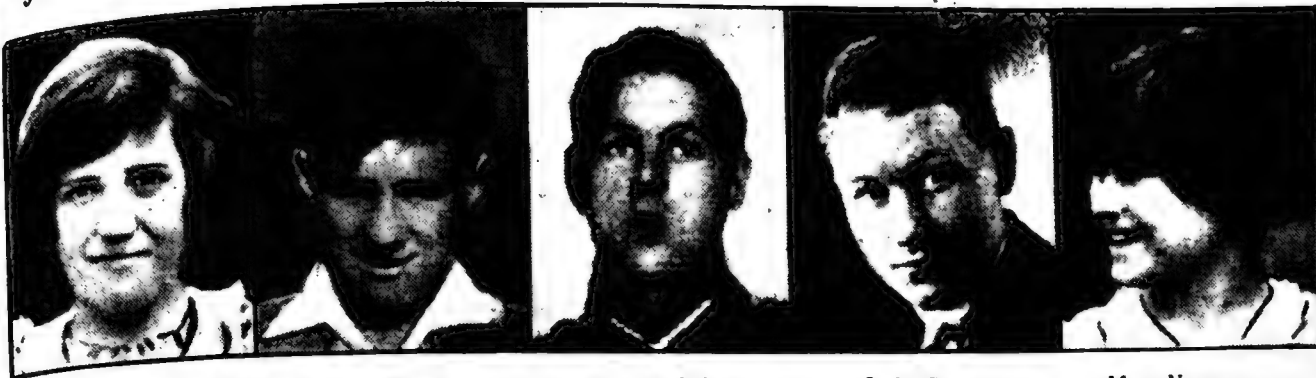
CAPTAIN GLADLEY STEWART is a curio collector. In the last few weeks he has visited a number of seaside and other holiday resorts substantially to increase his collection.

He is not particular about the nature of the objets d'art which he gathers in. Any shopkeeper selling anything in another market will find him a ready customer.

At first he may be diffident about buying. But always he returns in a day or two and agrees to purchase.

He writes a cheque nonchalantly. In the past month, indeed, he has issued scores of cheques in exchange for large and small quantities of antiques, jewelry, and all kinds of other goods.

But Captain Stewart has no banking account. He is also a collector of other people's cheque books.



Joan Newman

James Hunt

Fred Dimbleby

Leslie Cotton

Mary Newman

Portraits of five young victims of the extraordinary system by which children are made captive, possibly for life

Children in Bondage: Monstrous Facts

ONCE again the many institutions in Britain for the detention of young persons are reported to be so full that great numbers of children are being kept in subsidiary establishments waiting for vacancies to occur.

The reason why so many boys and girls have been ordered into captivity is that there is still no reform of the juvenile courts, as was intended by Parliament in recent legislation.

The special type of lay magistrate required to conduct the business of these courts has not yet been appointed, and the older justices are not performing their duties with the sympathy and understanding which is necessary.

We ask our readers to form their own opinion after examining the facts of the following cases which have been investigated by JOHN BULL in the past week.

Taking Shelter

In one of the large mental institutions in the country there is at present detained a seventeen-year-old lad named Leslie Cotton, whose parents live at Southdown Road, Carshalton, Surrey.

He is there in almost incredible circumstances. For three years after leaving school, this boy had been in good and regular employment.

He was given a ten days' holiday from work and spent it on a cycling tour of the South Coast of England with a chum.

The two youths were on their way home when they were overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm. It was late at night, they were soaked, and they had not sufficient funds left to seek accommodation at an inn.

So they took shelter in an empty house. A passing policeman saw their bicycles outside. He entered and arrested them.

The boys were brought up in court and one was discharged. But Leslie Cotton was kept in custody.

The police had found that when Leslie was at school, he was a backward child. This was due to the fact that at the age of six he met with a serious road accident and had been in hospital for three years. When he returned to school he was, of course, unable to keep pace with the other boys of his own age.

No Finality

These facts were reported to the magistrates. They ordered that Leslie Cotton should be detained in a mental deficiency establishment.

He is in one now and may be there for the rest of his life, because these sentences are indeterminate.

No account was taken of the fact that the boy has been earning his livelihood for three years. No attention was paid to the other fact that he had a spotless record.

And now that he has been deprived

of his freedom, what is this healthy young fellow finding to do in the lunacy establishment where he is a prisoner?

All day long he does nothing but make mats!

Then look at the fate of a fifteen-year-old boy who appeared the other day at the Lewes (Sussex) Juvenile Court.

We are prohibited by law from identifying him because he is under seventeen years of age, but we can make known what has happened to him.

This lad has been sent to a reformatory, not for any fixed period, but "for as long as the authorities think fit."

And his crime?

He was taking a stroll and came on an unoccupied house in the village of Telscombe. He noticed that a window was open, and, with boyish curiosity, entered the house through it, as he said, "just to have a look round."

The police admitted that the window was insecure, that there was no sign of force having been used to open it, and that nothing was stolen.

For no more than that the boy has been condemned and put into captivity, possibly for years.

Quite as extraordinary was a sentence imposed on two ten-year-old boys at Brighouse, Yorkshire, a few days ago.

They had a few "mad hours." The offences they committed in the company of older lads could have been dealt with effectively by chastisement and a period of supervision under a probation officer.

Five Years!

But the two children have been ordered to be detained in a remand home until vacancies arise in an institution—where they are to be held for five years.

These boys and the older youths who were with them took joy rides on a

bicycle which they found at the roadside. One of them took the machine home, but was immediately told by his father to put it back from where it had been first taken. Then they joined with the senior boys in a raid on a bakehouse, from which they each took a quantity of meat pies and Cornish pasties, valued at about four shillings.

Their parents expected that no worse punishment would be administered than a spell of discipline under the probation officer, particularly as neither of the boys had ever been in trouble of any kind and had first-class testimonials from their teachers.

Typical

No wonder their mothers shouted so loudly in protest and dismay when they heard the five-years' sentences passed that the magistrates had to order them to be silent!

While this mania for despatching young people into long captivity is so prevalent among lay magistrates, it is not surprising that local and often minor officials should be engaged in the same pursuit.

Scores of cases are reported to JOHN BULL every week of the anguish of parents whose healthy children have been or are about to be taken from them for no other reason than that they need—but are denied—special coaching in some subjects at their ordinary schools.

A common example of this is to be found in the case of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Newman, of South Avenue, Po'sloe Road, Exeter. They have two daughters, Joan and Mary, aged nine and eight.

These two little girls were slow in their school work.

Teachers nowadays are required by the pace of the educational machine to concentrate only on pupils of

promise. They have no time, under the system which is prevalent, to devote to the special tuition and encouragement of the laggards.

It is then that the lunacy officers step in. They declare that these boys and girls are certifiable as mental defectives, and arrange for them to be put in institutions of one kind or another.

Matters have gone so far in the case of Joan and Mary Newman that for six months the authorities at Exeter have refused to allow the little girls to enter school at all. So they are being educated at home by their parents. But that is not enough, say the officials.

They demand that the two children—who are shown by independent examination to be sound and healthy—shall be handed over to them for "training" in a mental establishment. If Mr. and Mrs. Newman do not consent, they are faced with the threat that their young daughters will be compulsorily dealt with.

JOHN BULL has yet to learn of a case of this kind of thing happening to a family of means, any member of which is backward in school. Always it is from working-class homes that the victims of the system are found.

Worst Aspect

There is no worse aspect of this filching of young lives than the fact that, once a child passes into the custody of an institution, there is no guarantee that he or she will ever be restored to liberty and to relatives.

At Calderstones Asylum, in Lancashire, for instance, there is detained a man of twenty-five years of age named James Hunt, whose parents home is in Gainsborough Avenue, Oldham.

Hunt has been there for seventeen years—since he was eight years old.

Why?

Because he played truant from school and was arrested by the police for riding at the rear of a motor-lorry!

For no more than that he was ordered to be detained in an institution. The usual order of the magistrates that he should be kept there until he was sixteen was overridden when that time came.

A young person due for release is held in further captivity by the simple device of certification. That is why James Hunt has been a prisoner since 1920 for his childish prank.

Another man who has already served a seventeen years' sentence and who has still no prospect of freedom is Frederick Dimbleby, whose parents' home is at Gainsborough, Lincolnshire.

Awful Punishment

Dimbleby is now twenty-six. When he was nine years old he stole some chocolate and apples and although he had never been in trouble previously, he was sent to a reformatory until he was sixteen.

Only three months from his sixteenth birthday, the boy could no longer tolerate his captivity. He ran away and went back to his home. But he was speedily taken into custody by the police and—although there had never been any suspicion regarding his mental condition—he was certified and put away again for an indefinite period.

Worst of all, he was then placed in a kind of criminal lunatic institution for the young in Nottinghamshire, where he has been ever since. Officials of the institution state that he has the best record of any person there—confirmed by the fact that he is the leader of the Boy Scouts.

But still they refuse to release him. Seventeen years is not sufficient.

The facts of all these cases have been most closely investigated by JOHN BULL. Appalling though they may be, they are only samples of a great number more which are known to us.

The presentation of them alone, however, should convince the public of the need for a Commission appointed by Parliament to probe this great scandal to its depths.

NEST EGG TRAGEDY

MR. JOHN REID lives in a humble cottage at Ruardean Woodside, in the Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire. He is sixty-six.

Since the age of twelve Reid has been a miner. His wife and he have brought up a family of nine, all of whom are out in the world.

And he had saved £94.

Having reached pensionable age, the future seemed secure for him and his wife... until a few days ago.

Then there came to the old folk's cottage a youth of about seventeen who was in a very distressed condition. He had tramped from Swansea and he pleaded for succour.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid took him in, fed and clothed him, and even found work for him.

The lad's name was Harold Leadbeater. He vanished—and with him went a tin

box containing the £94, which Mr. Reid kept under his bed.

The old man was so stricken by the loss that doctors and police officers were summoned.

Young Leadbeater was arrested in Wales and sentenced to two years' detention in an institution for the theft.

The money?

Leadbeater, before he was arrested, had paid £54 of it to the authorities to obtain his father's release from prison, to which he had been committed for arrears under a wife maintenance order.

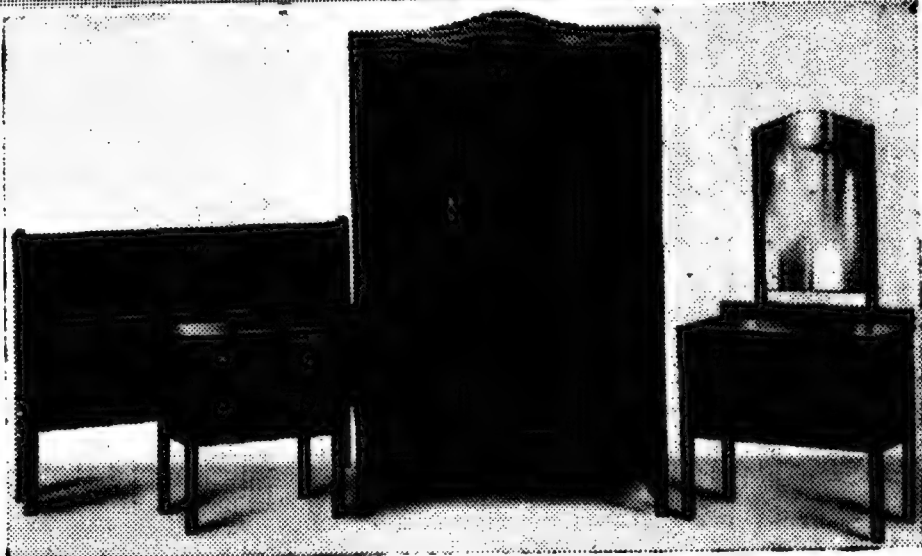
Mr. Reid has asked the authorities to refund the £54 to him. They cannot do so, they state.

It is the law that currency is not recoverable in such circumstances.

So the old man has had to go back to the pit—a six miles' walk daily and two more miles to and from the coal face.

DRAGES

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During the Sale all customers whose orders amount to more than £10 will be allowed their rail fares.

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J.B. 12.6.

DEATH TRAPS ON THE ROADS

Mr. Eden's Impudence—Parson
Goes Wrong—City's Grave
Injustice



Here's a way to stop road deaths,
Dr. Burgin

DEAR DOCTOR BURGIN,—By now you must have realised the immediate troubles of your new job as Minister of Transport. Already you have had to surrender to your critics to save the Government from defeat—have had to scrap Fore-Belisha's proposal to allow the police to inspect motor-cars while in private garages.

You have had to face the fact that, while more than half a million motorists were fined £441,459 last year, only three careless pedestrians were penalised—by paying 15s. between them.

And though motorists paid £78,000,000 in various ways to the Treasury, only £25,000,000 was spent on road-building.

Well, it is with the best of good wishes that I offer advice, trusting you may win even more success than your predecessor.

Safety of life and limb is your first care. Therefore I bring to your notice the imperative need for speed restriction and the provision of many more traffic lights on certain sections of arterial roads round London and the provincial cities.

The case of Westway, Hammersmith, became notorious some time ago, and the problem there has been partially tackled.

Let me provide another example of similar road peril. There is a spur of the Watford and the North by-pass which cuts through the Middlesex borough of Finchley. It is a main thoroughfare and shopping centre for part of the Hampstead Garden suburb.

Here is no "ribbon development" along a newly built through traffic route. The houses were there before the connection between Watford Way and Highgate was driven.

Yet speed along that road has no legal limit. What is worse, important crossings, where the shops are situated, have no control lights.

Accidents happen to pedestrians—women and children are the chief sufferers—on this closely built-up road with terrible frequency. It is stated that they average eight a week. The ambulances are always busy on a Saturday picking up the injured.

Blame for this is not laid upon the wilful carelessness of motorists. The whole system of the road is wrong.

Deputations representing the local residents have waited on your Ministry urging reform. The matter has been taken up by their M.P. Nothing has been done. The toll of casualties mounts.

Yet such a little effort would provide a remedy for this ghastly state of affairs. Only a comparatively short length of the arterial road calls for speed restriction. Only a few additional light control posts are required. Essential expenditure would be negligible.

From Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds—indeed, from north, east, south and west—I could quote other examples, provide cases brought to my notice through the pathetic letters of people who have suffered.

Do something promptly, and so receive the gratitude of thousands of your fellow-citizens.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ANTHONY EDEN,
Foreign Office

DEAR SIR,—I don't like your dictator methods. When you knew that Dr. Rexlett Johnson, the Dean of Canterbury, intended to go to Bilbao, you sent him a telegram saying you particularly wished him not to go.

That was bad enough in all conscience. But, adding insult to injury, the Foreign Office sent the Dean a bill for the telegram—2s. 5d.

In an address at King's College, Dr. Johnson admitted that he had been weak and paid the bill. But I am glad he was not weak enough to take any notice of the telegram.

Lucky Englishmen still have some

freedom left, and it is heartening that occasionally there are men like the Dean with courage enough to exercise their rights.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. I. MACIVER,
Port William

DEAR DOCTOR,—I am glad you pleaded the cause of a father who was asked to explain the irregular school attendance of a thirteen-year-old daughter.

The husband's wages were small. His wife has been ill—very ill—for five years. They have to take in lodgers; the girl is the mother's only help.

A teacher writes to me: "The dicta-

torial attitude of the local school management committees throughout northern Scotland deserves the drubbing it never gets."

Let me, therefore, administer that scolding by saying that men who cannot appreciate the difficulties of poor, sick parents have no right to be school bosses.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. STUART DEACON,
Liverpool Stipendiary

DEAR MR. DEACON,—Your firm stand against the tawdry exhibition of so-called art at a fairground side show pleases me.

The producer's admission that a fan dance was meant to convey the appearance of nudity was condemnation in itself and amply deserved the fines you imposed. Not only side shows, but the whole entertainment world needs a vigorous clean-up.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. H. TYLER LANE,
Sheffield

REVEREND SIR,—You've got the wrong end of the stick.

Maybe certain people who want to play games on Sunday are a "pagan gang," but to seize the chance to get out in the fresh air for one day a week is no proof of irreligious feeling.

Most of the Sunday hikers and players lead lives as decent as those of the parsons. Don't forget it.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HORACE MARSHALL,
Leeds Stipendiary

DEAR SIR,—"It is a dangerous practice to have a rest on the road," you say.

Dangerous thing to say. If a driver is tired, it's the best thing for him to stop his car and wait until he is alert again.

As for lorry drivers, the law ordains that they should take a rest after hours of driving. In brief, you're wrong.—JOHN BULL.

The CITY COUNCIL,
Birmingham

GENTLEMEN,—You show a poor sense of justice by refusing compensation to small shopkeepers who are being ruined

by the removal of their customers under slum clearance schemes.

I'm glad your victims are getting their case raised in Parliament, but that such a course should be necessary is a grave reflection on so progressive a city as Birmingham.—JOHN BULL.

Col. ACLAND TROYTE, M.P.,
Tiverton, Devon

SIR,—Think again—and then change your tune.

Talking of the bigger salaries for M.P.s, you graciously admit that "some Members find it difficult to live on the present salary, but they should have thought of that before becoming candidates." In other words, they should leave representation of the people to rich landowners like yourself, eh?

That won't do for the workers of to-day.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JUSTICE SINGLETON,
Royal Courts of Justice

DEAR SIR,—Your sentence of five years' penal servitude on an eighteen-year-old youth for assaulting a young girl would, in an ordinary case, be harsh. In this instance it is perfectly justified.

The attack was brutality in its most repulsive form. The whole nation was horrified that a young girl walking quietly home with a friend should have been kidnapped and set upon so savagely by four young men.

Five years' penal servitude for the ring-leader and three years at Borstal for the others may give them all time to think it over.—JOHN BULL.

Miss NELL BACON,
London, W.

DEAR MADAM,—Forty years ago you came from a village to seek your fortune in London, and found it in Lyons' tea-shop. You passed from the job of waitress to your present executive post, during which time you have shepherded 50,000 girls.

I think you've earned that gold cigarette-case presented to you by Sir Isadore Salmon.—JOHN BULL.

Not From the B.B.C.

BAA, BAA, BANTAM!

THE Average Man's a splendid chap
Who's neither tall nor short,
And never does a blessed thing

That might attention court,
Such as becoming thin or fat
Or wearing a peculiar hat!

Nobody can distinguish him
From others in a mob,
And so he looks upon himself
As Nature's finest job—
To be unlike him is to be
An object of hilarity!

This has been the fate of Private Thomas Ferguson, of the Prince of Wales's Volunteers, who was never guilty of driving a car or a bargain to the public danger or of strangling a crooner and concealing the body in one of Sir John Reith's hats.

ALL that is known against him is that he is not that pet of statisticians and leader-writers, the Average Man, he having been found guilty of being more or less the same size as Nelson, Harry Lauder, Lawrence of Arabia, Bobby Howes and the rider of any Derby winner of whom you care (or simply hate) to think. After enlisting, Thomas Ferguson had to suffer the banter of taller Thomas Atkinses. Eventually his smallness so preyed upon his mind that he ran away, and so has had to face a court martial. And serve him dashed well right for not being an average chap—like us!



Any little bloke is treated as a joke.

Unable to add a cubit to his stature by taking thought or a correspondence course, it looks as if Thomas, like many another homeopathic helping of humanity, will have to become inured to the patronage and persiflage of wits and half-wits of a larger growth.

Discussing the case, a Harley Street consultant said that much mental stress is experienced by people who do not "conform to the average." And an expert of the National Council of Mental Hygiene tells us the "Small men undoubtedly suffer from a great sense of inferiority."

UNQUESTIONABLY this question of inches is important. According to Pascal, if Cleopatra's nose had been an inch shorter the history of the world would have been different. Certainly the

married name of many a suburban Cleopatra would now be different if only a rejected Antony had been able to add an inch or two to his height.

Unfortunately, though, many boys of the bantam brigade do not exercise even a modicum of tact in the stage management of their love lives, which is why it so often happens that a little Englander, designed by nature for carrying in the vest pocket or hanging on a watch-chain, becomes the husband of a female who looks quite capable of giving one on the snoot to a zoo elephant.

DESPITE such vagaries, I am quite ready to make approving noises if any little 'un will mount a stool in Hyde Park, draw himself up to his full height, lend his eye a terrible aspect and urge his brother bantams to take a firm stand against mere average citizens who imagine that there is more to them merely because there is more of them.

Any little cock can crow,
Any little pigeon strut,
But any little bloke
Is treated as a joke;
An accident of birth
Makes him a source of mirth!
Yet any little flea can bite,
As giants often live to learn;
And those of larger size
May find to their surprise
That any little worm can turn!

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War Clouds are LIFTING

by
**A. G.
Gardiner**

IN spite of incidents like that of the *Deutschland*, it is possible to take a more cheerful view of the world outlook than has been the case for months past.

There is a marked slackening in the nervous tension that has prevailed and, though it would be extravagant to say that the shadow of war has disappeared from the sky, it has certainly become less oppressive.

The causes are not obscure. The Spanish volcano is still in eruption, but the danger that it would set Europe in a blaze has become remote. The policy of "Hands off Spain," which was advocated in these columns from the outbreak of the civil war, has been completely justified.

Whatever criticisms may be levelled against the Government on this point or that, the fact remains that, in the face of enormous difficulties and irritations, the Anglo-French scheme of non-intervention has been carried through and has kept the peace of Europe intact.

If the same firm statesmanship had been shown by the two countries in 1935-36 the Abyssinian tragedy might have been averted.

Let this be remembered to the credit of Mr. Eden and M. Blum, to whose patient and resolute diplomacy the achievement is mainly due.

It is a conspicuous victory for the pacific Powers over the militarist Powers, and its effects extend far beyond the Spanish issue.

NOT the least of those effects is the heavy blow it has dealt to Mussolini. His bluff has been called in Spain as it was not called in Abyssinia. His adventure has gone off at half-cock, and whatever happens in the Peninsula, his soaring ambitions have been checked. He is left on the horns of a dilemma. It is equally difficult for him to go on or get out, and his stock has fallen both at home and abroad.

This fact is not unconnected with the improved outlook in Western Europe.

Rainy Day

THERE isn't a family in the land that doesn't realise the necessity of making provision for a rainy day, and the fact that they are not always able to do so isn't always their own fault.

Much needed holidays, new clothing, replacements of furniture, and other such expenses, take toll of each hard-earned balance as fast as it is accumulated.

Yet there is another way in which one can make provision for a rainy day. It can be illustrated with a little story.

It was just when a Worcestershire family found itself without a penny to spare that the wife fell ill and the doctor, hurriedly summoned, expressed the diagnosis: "Measles."

How to pay a three weeks' doctor's bill out of a non-existent reserve and at the same time find little luxuries for the patient was the problem that faced her husband.

And the solution dropped through the letter-box in the shape of a cheque from John Bull, that tided them over their difficulties and relieved them of worry.

It was because he had registered under John Bull's Great Free Family Insurance Club that he received a cheque in respect of his wife's illness.

If you have not yet done so, fill up the forms on page 18 for this unparalleled security gift to-day.

Hitler's participation in the Spanish business never had the support of his military advisers, who have too little confidence in the Italians to wish to go tiger hunting with them.

They want to cut their loss there, and Hitler himself has never regarded the "Berlin-Rome axis" as more than a bargaining counter in pursuit of his main objective, the good will of this country.

Throughout the heated events of the past months he has scrupulously avoided anything that would imperil that good will, or any part in Mussolini's infuriated Press campaign against this country.

Hence the atmosphere in Anglo-German relations is more cordial than at any time since Hitler's Rhineland coup which shattered the Locarno pact.

The revival of that regional pact on a new basis may well be the outcome of the negotiations now in progress, and a firm Anglo-Franco-German understanding would go far to establish Europe on a solid foundation of peace.

There is no doubt that one of the main factors in the improved outlook is the enhanced prestige of this country. Two things are responsible for this.

It is difficult to overstate the impression which the Coronation made on the public mind of the world. It was an impression of power, of solidarity, of a nation at peace within itself.

And that impression has been fortified by the policy of rearmament. However much we may regret the necessity of that policy, its effect has been indisputable.

The most important reactions, of course, have been experienced in the militarist nations.

But they have been felt also throughout the Continent, and nowhere more strikingly than among the Danubian States.

In a remarkable article in the *Spectator*, a Vienna correspondent gives a moving picture of the fears and anxieties which afflict the Danubian and Balkan States—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey.

The peril of war darkens their sky, and they are equally uncertain whether they would be able to keep out of it or on which side they would have to come in.

To these nations, he says, British rearmament has brought a ray of hope. "For the general view is that the one thing that can save the peace is the lurking fear of provoking the enmity of an England mighty in arms."

FARTHER afield this growing influence of Britain would seem to be making for peace. A significant change is coming over the attitude of Japan.

That Power is finding that she has "bitten off more than she can chew." The militarists have had a terrific rebuff



Though Spain is still in the throes, the war clouds are less menacing to Europe than they were

at the polls, and feelers are being thrown out for an understanding with Britain.

China, meanwhile, is undergoing remarkable internal reconstruction, under the wise leadership of Chiang Kai-Shek, and Russia's growing strength in the Pacific is adding to the perplexities of Japan.

In a word, the whole Far Eastern situation is assuming an aspect more favourable to peace.

In this connection it is fortunate that the Imperial Conference in London should, at the instance of Mr. Lyons, the Prime Minister of Australia, be discussing the idea of a regional peace pact for the Pacific.

SUCH a pact would involve four major Powers—U.S.A., Britain, Japan and Russia. If it could be brought about it would be the best stroke for world peace that has yet been struck.

It will not be easy, but it is not, in the new circumstances, impossible. And its effect on the European situation would be of incalculable value.

It is not only in raising this question that the Imperial Conference is giving a stimulus to the peace motion.

The mere fact of that Conference at this time confronts the world with an impressive demonstration of the solidarity of the British Commonwealth and of its eager desire to find a peaceful solution of the international problems along the lines of economic freedom.

Finally, in the calculations that are making for peace, the United States are an undefined but powerful influence.

The sentiment of America is as decisively anti-war as that of Britain,

★ Politics and You ★

WATCH THIS COMMITTEE

OUR Government has set up a Committee to enquire into the working of the Rent Restriction Acts, which have only another year to run.

The first Act was passed in 1915, during the war. Such interference with the rights of landlords was then thought terribly revolutionary. Something, however, had to be done to protect the homes of the fighting men. Public outcry saw to that. Nobody, though, dreamed restriction would still be with us twenty-two years later. The original idea was that it would be "for the duration" only.

But after the Armistice there was a great shortage of houses. And, no wonder. There had been no building for six years. As a result the Government was not only unable to abolish restriction, it was forced to extend it. Not till 1933 did a Government feel safe in starting the process of loosening-up and giving back to some landlords the powers all had enjoyed over tenants in pre-war days.

Before the 1933 Act, restriction applied to houses of a fairly high rateable value (£105 London; £78 provinces; £50 Scot-

land). To-day it only applies to controlled houses whose value in April, 1931, did not exceed £45 in London and £35 elsewhere, and to all small houses, whether controlled or not, which do not exceed £20 in London, £26 in Scotland, and £13 in the provinces.

What will the Committee say? There is a very real fear that a majority of it will plump for getting rid of restriction altogether. It cannot reduce the rent limits much further without reducing them to a complete farce. And, already, vested interests are mobilising their forces in favour of complete abolition. Their chief argument is that the Acts actually prevent houses being built.

We must watch this Committee. The Government is not bound to accept its findings, but if it advises repeal the Cabinet may be only too glad to oblige.

This would be a scandal. Rents are much too high. These Acts do keep them down for countless of the poorest. Codify and improve them by all means, but don't scrap them.

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EMPLOYMENT.

VACANCIES OCCUR for 30 men aged 18-25 in the Post Office Eng. Dept. Experience is not required, but applicants must be willing to study technical subjects. Commencing pay, £3 15s., rising to £7 per week and upwards, with pension. For full particulars apply, B.T.I. (Dept. 527), 17, Stratford Place, W.1.

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A SPENCER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Spencer Corset Co., Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon, for free Booklet. See p. 30.

DISFIGURED
FOR LIFE!

READ THIS WOMAN'S TRAGIC STORY
how neglect of simple
health precautions
RUINED
HER LIFE!

"What chance have I of happiness now? I can never marry—no man could look at my disfigured face without a shudder. It began without a scratch on my skin with a tiny scratch about... not worth bothering about... I thought. But dirt got in... and this is the result! Too late I learned about Family Health Soap. Too late I have discovered that its antiseptic lather is a safeguard against dirt and its dangers."

TINY SCRATCHES
NEGLECTED FILL THE
HOSPITALS WITH SERIOUS
CASES
BE WARNED

IN TIME!
Don't delay. To-day is the latest you can leave it. You cannot afford to run risks with precious life and health. Get a tablet of Knight's Family Health Soap to-day—and use it daily!

PROTECT YOURSELF WITH
FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

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A FREE Furnishing Catalogue.—Fill in the coupon on p. 31, or write, mentioning John Bull, to JAY'S FURNISHING STORES, 248, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1, for free Catalogue full of bargains.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the Free Press Superlatives Chair advt. on page 33 for free illustrated catalogue of all models, featuring the complete range of coverings, 10/- with cover secures luxurious model illustrated.

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FREE!—48-page book full of all the best tips for gardeners (illus.). Hints and advice on better cultivation of flowers, fruit and vegetables. Send p.c. to LASCOT, LTD. (Dept. 1), 1, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

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INSECT GUN guards pets (Dogs, Cats, Canaries and Poultry); kills gnats, flies and garden pests, but you must get the Axa Insect Gun. See advt. of Kay Bros., Ltd. on page 3.

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WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDEONS, 6/9 monthly. -Access, Trumpets, etc. 1d. p.c. brings you 60-pp. cat. free. Easiest Terms. -J. E. Access & Co., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, London, E.C.4.

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WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Incontinence, Muddled Pears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book—Mr. Rivers (J.B.26), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

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FREE.—A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINE, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, is sent to every reader who sends 1/6 in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. A.D. 15), Thames House, London, S.W.1. See page 33.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PEARL ENDOWMENT POLICIES PURCHASED OUTRIGHT.—SECRETARY, PICKNER SALES, 18, CHRISTCHURCH RD., WINCHESTER.

MOTOR Insurance Policies. Arthur B. Lloyd, Insurance Broker, 14/18, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Chancery 6285. Private 'phone 3399.

CELEBRATE Imperial Festivities at any occasion, with the delicious Wines of Australia—Britain's own Vineyard. Australia's Wines are all the wonderful food value and are rich in tonic properties which make them a most valuable beverage the world provides. Write for a free Australian Wines are much lower in price. You can obtain—as well as the Port, the Burgundy, Claret, Burgundy, Sherry, etc. The Australian Wine Board, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.3, will gladly give you information.

THE best way to treat corns. Write for free booklet to (Dept. J.B.1), T. J. Smith & Nephew, Ltd., Neptune Street, Hull. See page 40.

FREE sample tube of Odol Toilet Paste. Simply send a postcard to Crompton, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.5), Norwich, or fill in coupon on page 30.

HAVE you ever spent a holiday at Blackpool? Send for free guide and full particulars. Write, mentioning John Bull, to Dept. 10, Town Hall, Blackpool. See p. 25.

FREE Cash Prizes, £20 in prizes are offered by the proprietors of Diploma Chess. Read best last line to the Limerick on page 27. Send the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Don't delay—you may forget!

ACCEPT this free offer. A sample tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to Euthymol, Dept. 67/10, 50, Bank Street, London, W.1. Ensure Dental Hygiene by writing for this free trial tube now. See p. 30.

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hinde Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hinde & Co., Ltd., 61, Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. in stamps for postage. See page 34.

A FREE pattern book of dress patterns and embroidery transfers will be sent to all readers who write to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd., 101, Hull. The actual patterns and transfers are given free in exchange for Robin Smith's 1000 tops. Write at once for your free copy of the pattern book, "Notions For Your Needle." Every woman ought to have a copy. See p. 32.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent post-free for 1/6 stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. -Flex Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.6.

THIS week two British yachts, representing an expenditure of £400,000 between them, are racing in American waters to see which shall have the honour of competing for a silver mug worth about £20.

The America's Cup is its name, and the two yachts are *Endeavour I* and *II*. Each day these two will be going out on "trial canter" along the fifteen-mile "legs" of the Cup course until—"by luff and by jibe, by guess and by God," it is decided which is to be "Tommy Sopwith's selected" for the great day, July 1.

While the papers are full of reports on the varying fortunes of these trial races, you might like to know what it's all about.

The America's Cup race was instituted in 1851, when the Royal Yacht Squadron presented this silver mug to be raced for between ocean-going yachts. It was won that first year by a U.S. yacht called the *America* (hence its name) in a race round the Isle of Wight. We have never had it back since.



Yachting on a big scale is a very well-bred and expensive pastime. It is all mixed up with ermine and turreted battlements and bottomless bank accounts. But there have been more bad words flung back and forth across the Atlantic, more accusations of bad sportsmanship and hard feelings about that £20 mug than over any other sporting trophy.

To begin with, although it was our Cup, an American lawyer drew up the terms under which we could win it back again. He was a tough lawyer, but with those terms he surpassed himself.

One clause stated that the British challenger had to be nominated ten months in advance, and another stated that it must cross the Atlantic on its own bottom. So the Americans had a double advantage. Within that ten months of grace they could build a ship to beat ours.

And since theirs had not to cross the Atlantic they could, and did, build mere racing shells. And they tied that Cup down with gold chains.

The British challenger was usually a one-man show, paid for out of his own pocket. The American defender was the product of



"That elusive old mug!" — Sir Thomas Lipton

a syndicate of millionaires who built three, four or five yachts and raced them against each other until they were sure of a Cup winner.

All that accounts for the fact that this is the sixteenth attempt by Britain to win back what Sir Thomas Lipton called "that elusive old mug." He spoke with feeling. He had five consecutive goes at the Cup, costing him a trifle over £600,000—besides the 6 lb. canisters of best Lipton's Tea which he used to present to the Mayor of New York each time he lost.

The marvel is that the number of attempts have reached the sixteenth. To date the British challengers have spent £1,100,000 trying to win it back. Each time they have lost, all of them (with the exception of Tommy Lipton) have said, "This is the last time."

Our present challenger, Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, said that at the end of his last attempt. But he, like the others, has gone on to another try.

This time, however, may be the last, because only now have the British challengers had a real chance. Along

Gosport Hard, where the new *Endeavour* was built, and where, they say, men's blood is tar and their sinews made of ropeyarn, they are certain that this time the Cup is ours.

For these reasons: First, the rules have been amended. Both defender and challenger have been built to the same Lloyd's scantlings for hulls; both vessels must be fitted out with the proper accommodation for owner, guests and crew; there is a minimum weight for masts; freak designing is barred.

Both vessels are thus equal in construction.

Second, money is being matched with money. Mr. Sopwith has the support of three other wealthy men, Mr. Phillip Hill, Mr. Sigrist and Mr. Andrae, against the syndicate of Vanderbilts and others.

The combined purse of the Americans enabled them to build and try out several yachts from which to select their nominee for the race. Mr. Sopwith now has *Endeavour I*, owned by Mr. Andrae, to try out with his *Endeavour II* over the Cup course. So that's equal.

It boils down now to pure questions like better seamanship and subtleties in sail design and hull lines.

We have every reason to be confident about these points. The crews of the challenger have been hand-picked for more than a year. Camper, Nicholson's, who built *Endeavour II*, have the benefit behind their designs of past attempts at the America's Cup. Remember, too, that Mr. Sopwith is one of the foremost aircraft designers in the country. It is an open secret that some of his experts have co-operated in the design of the challenger. The shape and cut of the sails embody aerodynamical principles; things they have learned from the streamlining of aeroplanes have been built into the hull.

Starling Burgess, who has built *Ranger*, the new yacht which will represent America, is also an aeroplane designer. Sopwith and Burgess understand each other very well. When Sopwith was touring America in 1911 as a "joy-ride" pilot, Burgess built an aeroplane for him.

Both have gone far since that day. And between the wily red-moustached Bostonian with the sea-going vocabulary and the equally wily but more suave Tommy Sopwith there is a friendly but very watchful rivalry.

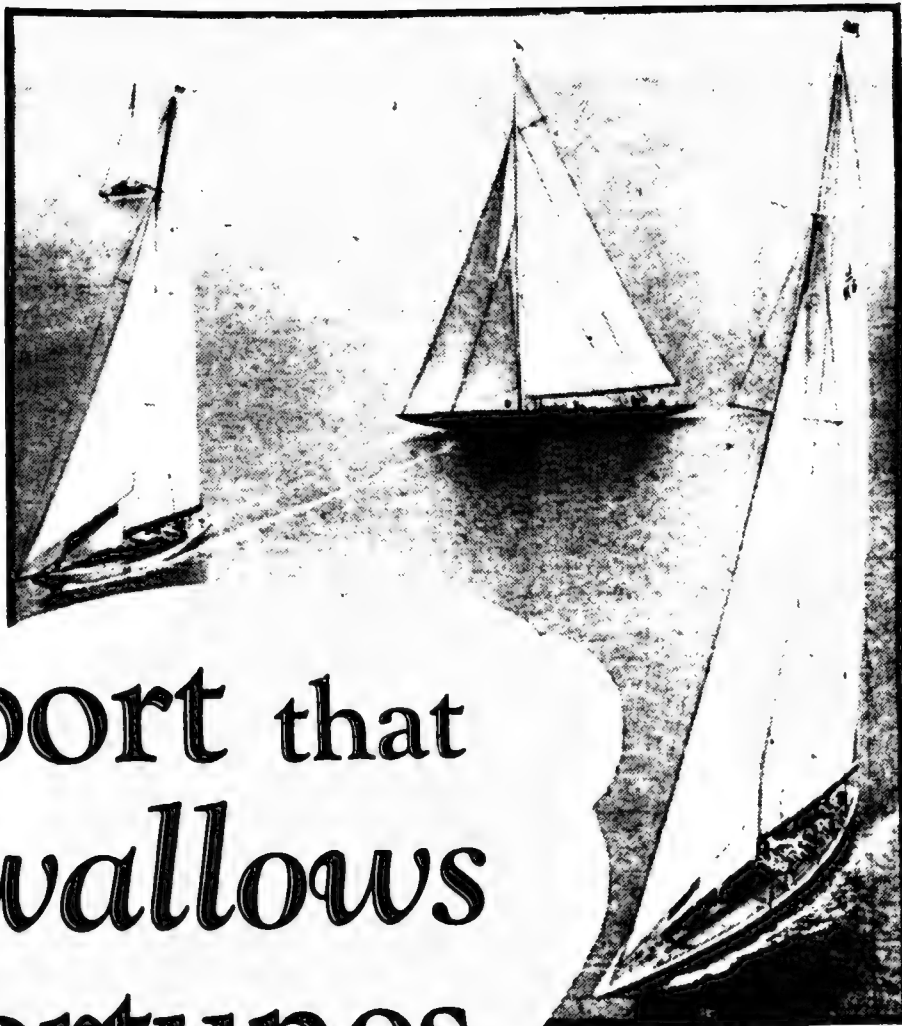
Both have been constantly on the look-out for new gadgets, like patent winches for quick handling of sails with which to pack their ships. Burgess began this game of substituting clever mechanical contrivances for "pully-hauls." *Rainbow*, the American winner of the 1934 race, was full of them. And they are not liked by the old school of professional yachtsmen.



In 1934 a deckhand on the *Rainbow* asked the first mate how to use a new type of Burgess winch. The mate growled out, "Ask that — brain trust aft." The wind carried the remark to the "brain trust" standing by the wheel. Skipper Vanderbilt was indignant, but Burgess laughed.

But you can bet that *Endeavour* also has plenty of these gadgets. And what with these, equality in construction, fairer rules, the trials which *Endeavour* can have, and Sopwith's past experience and improved helmsmanship, we have got the most evenly balanced race ever held for the Cup.

The Americans are already indulging in some good-humoured jeering, describing Sopwith's attempt not as a race but a naval invasion.



Endeavour I and Endeavour II try their paces

Sport that Swallows Fortunes

For he has replied to the American custom of building several boats for the race by sending across a regular flotilla. *Endeavour I* and *II* have been escorted across by the big motor yacht *Viva* and an ex-steam trawler the *John*.

The *John* is also loaded down with British provisions for Mr. Sopwith, because he has announced that he dislikes American food. All he will buy in the States are vegetables and bread. In a week or two the Sopwith navy will be completed by the arrival of his £250,000 luxury motor yacht the *Philante*.



America's Cup has now become a British obsession. It has worked up slowly but surely during the eighty-six years which have passed since we lost it. The obsession has cost people (who can well afford it) £1,100,000. On the other side of the water another £1,400,000 has been spent on retaining it; £2,500,000 in all. A lot of money for £20 worth of silver.

You might wonder whether it has been worth it. And it is no use asking those who have spent the money for an answer. If you are shocked about the amount, there is this consolation. The bulk of the money which goes out in this most splendid and spectacular of all ways of spending money finds its way into wage packets.

Big racing yachts are practically hand-made jobs from top to bottom.

Endeavour II cost about £30,000 to build. Its all-steel hull and superstructure cost only a fraction of this sum in materials.

Miracle of 30 Seconds

You can get a message through to New York and a reply to it in 30 seconds by cable. Yet few people realise the terrific adventures which befell the pioneer cable-layers, and the baffling problems which faced master minds in days gone by.

Many amazing facts about the cable-laying ships past and present are revealed in a special article in *Modern Wonder*, just out, 2d.

The rest of it went in wage bills during the long months of careful craftsmanship. The mast and boom together cost another £6,000.

And although the mast is as high as the Nelson monument in Trafalgar Square, its cost is not represented by its weight of metal. Long weeks of hand-trimming and careful shaping and finish pushed up its cost.

As a sidelight on the expense of yachting, the *Endeavour II* lost her mast through a small stay breaking on one of her early trials in British waters. Which was £4,000 "gone west" in a fraction of a second.

A few days ago the other *Endeavour* lost her boom during a Cup "try-out." Which was another £1,500. More work for hands...

A mainsail costs about £3,000. A ship like the *Endeavour* will carry eight suits of mainsails. And although they are made of the finest Egyptian cotton, the £24,000 total does not all go into the cost of the cotton.



Biggest chunk goes to the sails cutters and designers and the hands which do the double stitching by hand on every inch of these sails.

The finest sails come from Britain, from Crewkerne, in Somerset. Most even of the American defenders in the Cup race have had their sails made here.

And then, throughout her life, a big yacht keeps at least 100 men busily employed the whole year round. She costs about £50,000 to run for a year (the Americans set aside £50,000 as running expenses for a mere season). About one-third of that goes in wages to crew and shipwrights.

From that point of view it's all worth it. But still—£2,500,000 for a £20 mug!

If, as we hope, Mr. Sopwith wins it, we suggest he dumps 6 lb. of tea into the Cup and brews a nice strong cup of tea for himself and his guests. It would be a nice gesture to Tommy Lipton's ghost. And taste better than champagne...

FAVOURITE SOFT-CENTRED CHOCOLATE

Why it costs you so much less



'Caramello' is made in a block—eight chocolate sections at a time—that's why it's so much cheaper. Perfect texture, fine chocolate—and 8d. a lb. less.



Lovely chocolate—money saved—now she's smiling, and no wonder. There are miles of smiles wherever 'Caramello' goes.

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How Cadbury 'Caramello' saves you money with each delicious 2d. block



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In CARMELLO * MARZIPAN * MILK COFFEE TRUFFLE and many other flavours

'Caramello' is one of the most delicious and popular of all soft centres, and being made in block form it gives you these two great advantages. You get nothing but your favourite centres—instead of just a few mixed up with others, as in assorted chocolates. And though it is super-fine in quality and texture, 'Caramello' filled block costs you less—8d. a lb. less. So you get more of what you want—at less cost!

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"I want to put it on record that you have paid me two claims within two years, first a fire and then a flood, and paid in record time without quibbling."

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JOHN BULL is the ONLY paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD AND TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS Benefits. Other generous Benefits include those for Accidents in the home, on the Sports Field, while boating and bathing, and Children's Accidents.

£909 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone JOHN BULL distributed to Registered Readers or their dependents no less than £909 6s. 2d., as follows:—
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ness Benefits ... £508 16 2
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Adults ... £159 10 0
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Hand this Form to your Newsagent

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 12/6/37.

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Registered Readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, The Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

In the event of an application for benefit, they will be required to show that they bought JOHN BULL while away and that before leaving home they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery immediately upon their return.

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department,
122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "JOHN BULL." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature..... Age.....

Address.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....
Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

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NEW FIGURE FLATTERY

Which
DEALS MIDDLE AGE

Be as Slender and Supple as a girl!
The Ambron Free-Form Corset is the Modern Way to Figure Flattery. It gives your figure a grace you never dreamed you possessed and at the same time perfect body comfort. Lighter and more flexible than most Corsets, it does not bind, but gently coaxes the figure into lovely lines. The brassiere top, cut in one with the garment, ensures those firm, sleek contours which win admiration. You can dress "In a jiffy" when you wear the Ambron Free-Form and be happy in the knowledge that this smooth-fitting foundation garment means a better fit for your clothes than you have ever had before.

8/11

See One on Approval.
1/6 DEPOSIT SECURES
(plus 6d. postage)
Balance may be paid in monthly instalments of 2/- if preferred
AT NO EXTRA COST.
If not satisfied your deposit refunded.

In durable rose satin faced material with back lacing, 8 in. bust and four suspenders.
Sizes 30 to 46 in. bust.

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Please send me an AMBRON FREE-FORM CORSET I enclose enclosed Postal Order for 1/6 (deposit and postage) with bust and hip measurements & my Name (Mrs. or Miss) and Address. (Overseas full cash)
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499 Ambrose Road
60 Vauxhall Bridge
RD, London, S.W.



INFAMOUS Seaside Clubs

by
Hannen Swaffer



Sir Samuel Hoare certainly looks like business; and there's plenty for him to tackle!

SIR JOHN SIMON, admirable Home Secretary though he was in many ways, has left "a lot of little things behind him..."

One of them is his promise to amend the law relating to registered clubs. At present, the menace of the drinking club is a public scandal.

Now I hold no brief for licensed victuallers and hotel-keepers. I am not a drinking man. I know that these people are a powerful body, with ample funds and with a considerable influence over the present Government, to whose election expenses the Drink Trade subscribes large sums.

I do know, however, that, if you are to have drinking, it should be under the control of responsible people.

Generally speaking, the licensed trade is admirably conducted by people who, every year, are improving the public-house system, selling more and more food. Anyway, they are responsible rate-payers, who are taxed as though they held a monopoly.

Yet while publicans behave, in almost every case, in a thoroughly respectable manner, and pay heavy taxes and high rents, proprietors of drinking clubs—registered for 5s. a year—are allowed to do almost anything they like!

There is, for instance, the seaside club, which is not a club at all in the real sense of the word, but a mere blind for the pernicious practice of degrading men and women who, while on holiday, are encouraged to sit about, hour after hour, in the afternoons or into the early hours of the morning, drinking alcohol sold at fancy prices.

A man running a private hotel at the seaside, or in the country, conspires with one or two of his regular guests to form themselves into a syndicate, for which he opens a club on his premises.

He sets aside a room, calls it by a fancy name such as "The Bunco Club," pays 5s. to the local court for a private club licence, and then proceeds straight away to sell drink at whatever prices he cares to charge.

During the season, agents introduce visitors to the club, making them temporary members, and thus the proprietor is enabled to sell intoxicants at any hour of the night.

Last year there were nearly 300 of these clubs at the seaside. You found them in fact in almost any big seaside town. This year there will be more.

One man a few years ago opened the first of these clubs at the cost of a few pounds. Having turned two or three adjacent boarding-houses into a private hotel, he set aside three large rooms as the club premises.

In these he installed a fully equipped bar, cushioned chairs, tables and two or three waiters. By last summer he had interests in several of these seaside clubs in which, so long as he kept to the hours he chose to name for the sale of drink, he could sell, legally, as much booze as he cared, all because he had paid a licence of 5s. a year!

Now clubs were started in the days when men, being social beings, formed little communities of people of similar tastes and habits. These sold drink to themselves.

It was held that there should be no taxation which would penalise people who actually were behaving in their club just as they were at home.

But out of that, the proprietary club

grew up. Actually, in the majority of cases, it is not a club, but merely a booze parlour.

I am not surprised, when the law is so much in favour of unscrupulous and grasping people, that West End wine merchants met, the other day, to discuss the menace of these clubs to their own trade and to decide, indeed, that in the West End of London alone illicit clubs robbed them of at least £30,000 a year in profits.

It means, for one thing, that whereas a perfectly conducted restaurant such as the Carlton can only sell drink up to twelve o'clock—that is, if you have ordered it beforehand—at midnight it has to disappear from the table, unless an extension licence, difficult to get, has been obtained.

While this most respectable hotel is controlled by a law which is absolute, any crook, by paying 5s. a year, can start a club and sell drink almost as he likes.

Now, fashionable hotels do not encourage the sale of drink. They merely supply it to their customers as part of their regular trade. Drunkenness to them is abhorrent, something that may cause the loss of their licence.

But in the so-called club, anything can happen. It is the meeting-place of all the sharks and pimps and night-hawks. Often it becomes the haunt of drug peddlers.

It is, indeed, something that cannot be defended from any point of view. It opposes legitimate business, and it is the cause, sometimes, of serious disturbances of the law.

Club proprietors, their managers, their agents, yes, and their servants, should be compelled by law to render themselves liable for examination in the same way as are the licensees of public-houses.

They should give proof of their means and call people who can testify as to their characters. And the real proprietor should, in all cases, be known. Often, he is protected by a dummy.

Some clubs are mere rat-holes, basement premises where alcohol is sold amidst the most deplorable surroundings.

The Bill which Sir Samuel Hoare, our new Home Secretary, must bring in, and carry through the House, should insist that competent surveyors, appointed by the local authority, should pass the plans. More important than that, the police should be given power to enter the premises, at any time, without let or hindrance.

They can walk into licensed premises whenever they choose. They can go, for instance, into the Savoy Hotel without let or hindrance.

But because these drink holes are called clubs, the police have, first of all, to obtain a search warrant. Even then, it can only be obtained after a most

few weeks ago, Leslie Turkington, who was described as the proprietor of the Irish Club, Hove, surrendered to his bail at Lewes Assizes.

He had such a terrible criminal record that it included convictions for shop-breaking, larceny, living on the immoral earnings of a woman, false pretences, embezzlement, and stealing money from a bookmaker by a trick.

And yet, as the proprietor of a club, he had been fined £30 at Brighton for supplying intoxicants during prohibited hours and £20 for permitting gambling in a club, and, two years later, £10 at Hove for supplying liquor out of hours.

"For many years the prisoner has been associating with undesirables," said Chief-Detective-Inspector Pelly.

"You are evidently an experienced criminal," observed the Lord Chief Justice. "There is no doubt you forged an endorsement to a cheque, and then elaborated a lying and ingenious defence."

"You are not charged with perjury, and I am not going to sentence you for perjury. But, on the charges on which you have been committed, the sentence is one of penal servitude for three years."

Now, as Turkington was first fined for breaches of the club law after he had been convicted no fewer than five times, this means that, when he comes out of prison he can, unless the law is altered, open another club and do the same thing all over again!

If he had ever been convicted of anything he could not hold a public-house licence. Yet if he ran a public-house he would be subject to careful supervision.

If he runs a club, and the police have no right to enter, he can go on selling drink at prohibited hours, allowing gambling, doing almost anything he likes, defying the police, because, before they entered his premises, they would have to obtain a search warrant, rumours of the granting of which would give him due warning in full and ample time.

Sir Philip Game, the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, reveals that the number of registered clubs in London last January was 2,742, or 814 more than it was in 1930.

"While sports, athletic, works or institutional clubs give the police very little trouble," said Sir Philip, "the same cannot be said of the clubs classified as social. The proceedings against such clubs last year totalled 125."

"They resulted in ninety-five clubs being struck off the register and the imposition of fines and costs aggregating £8,400. There is again a slight increase in the number of bottle-parties."

"Many of these, like bogus clubs, open with a flourish of trumpets and close again very soon afterwards. The very nature of the business which they carry on must lead to breaches of the law and almost all offend in some respect."

Now the very existence of these clubs is a danger in regard to police probity. Large profits are made, and therefore the proprietors can spend, if they choose, a good deal of money for such purposes as corruption.

No, these are not social clubs. They are anti-social in every meaning of the word.

And in the name of all that is legal, all that is honest, and all that is decent in business, I urge Sir Samuel Hoare, the new Home Secretary, to carry immediately into effect the legislation promised by Sir John Simon.

Until the Clubs Bill is passed the scandal will go on.

Tip Came True!

Two weeks ago JOHN BULL gave its readers an "inside" tip about the new wonder weekly magazine for women.

Well, the tip has come off, and it's a real winner.

Woman is literally three times the value of many other weeklies at its price—only two pence!

Seven women experts are guiding the service sections, and the fiction sparkles with exciting stories by many brilliant writers.

careful enquiry and the production of conclusive evidence before a magistrate.

The dice, you see, are loaded on the side of the lawbreakers and against the respectable people, about which everything is known.

Mind you, there is no difference of opinion about the Clubs Bill, as it is called. For once, the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League and the London Public Morality Council agree that the Clubs Bill should be made law as soon as possible.

Chief constables all over the country agree, for a change, with the publicans and the puritans, for they are seriously disturbed about the increasing number of questionable drinking clubs, particularly on the riverside and the country road, which cater for parties that are wild and even degrading.

Indisputable evidence proves that drink is sold at these places until the early hours, that big profits are made and, more than that, that the position, as the years go on, will become more acute and more undesirable unless something is done.

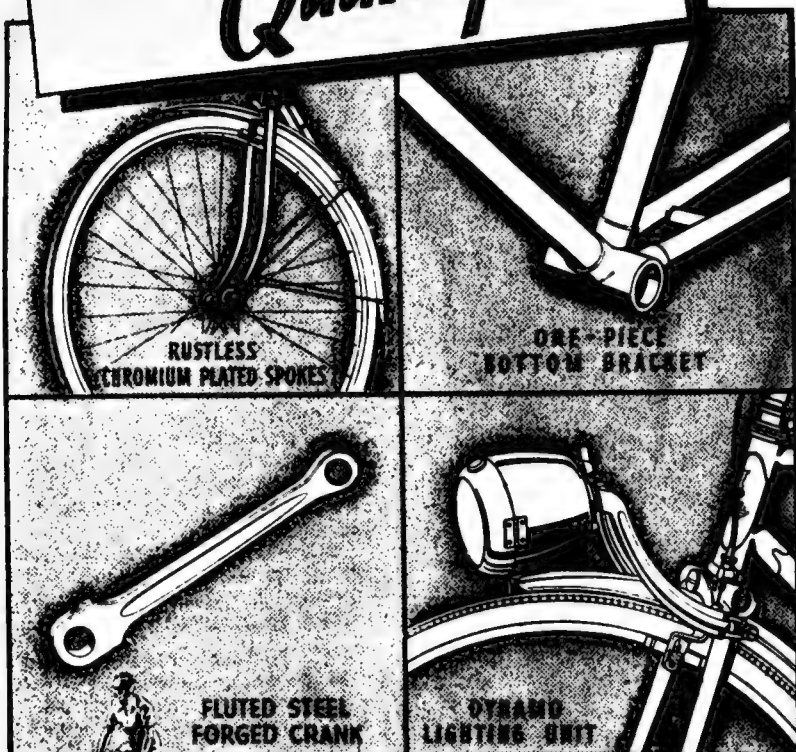
But not only the seaside and the motor road and the riverside resorts suffer from this sort of thing. Sir Hugh Turn-

bull, Commissioner for the City of London Police, has had many complaints that, in the heart of the City area, clubs have had improper association with share-pushers and street bookmakers.

More than that, there has been the suggestion that payments were regularly made to police officers in exchange for a promise not to interfere with the sale, in clubs, of intoxicating liquor during prohibited hours, and the promise, too, of "protection" in regard to gambling machines installed after pressure by the syndicates which own them.

Pages could be filled with stories of clubs and the people who run them. A

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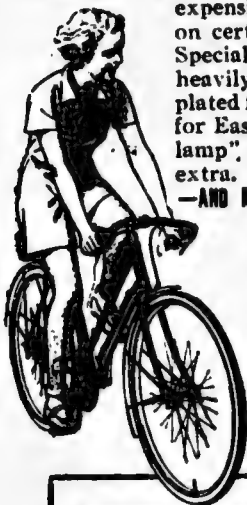


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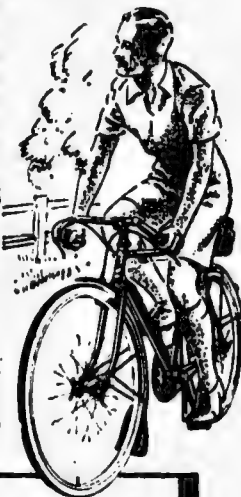


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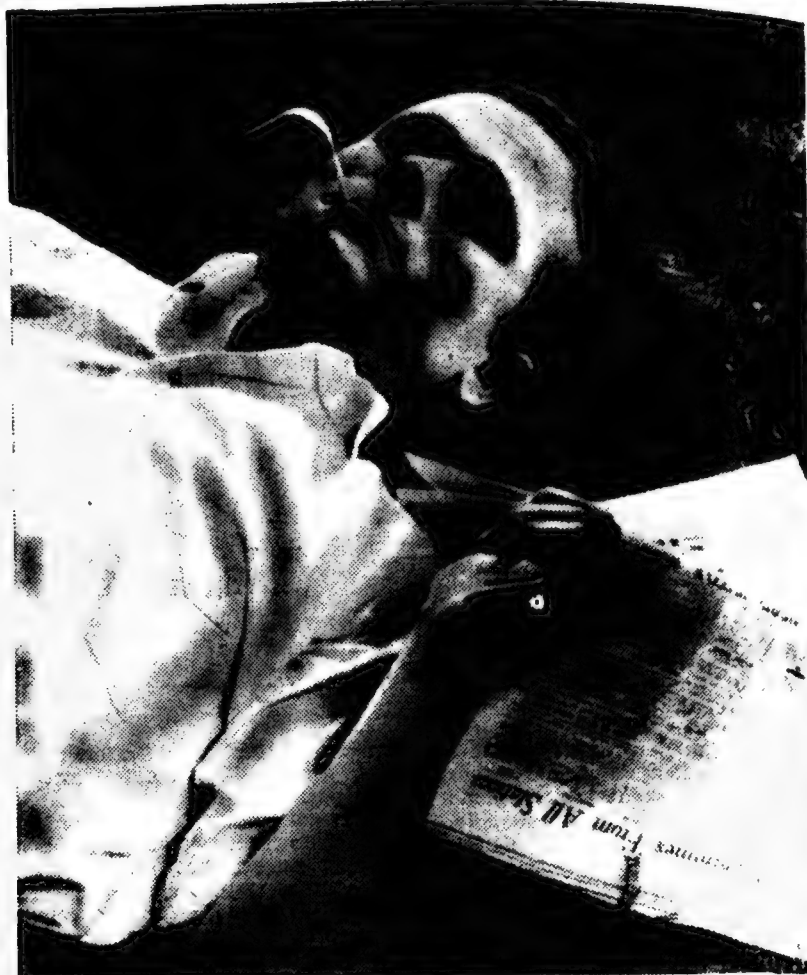
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If you are like the vast majority of the eight million listeners in this country and have the same views as the gentleman in our picture, buy a Murphy. I don't think you will be disappointed.

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C. R. Casson 647

What Can the Church Do for Me?—8

FAITH of a
BLACKCOAT

ILLNESS made it impossible for me to take a bereaved woman to church, an intention I announced last week.

So I present as the subject of this week's article a black-coat worker, whose twenty-five years of struggle to surround his family with the requisite air of respectability has worn his faith in Christianity, humanity, even himself, somewhat thin.

At first he did not seem to be the right sort of man to take to a place of worship in test of the Archbishop of Canterbury's broadcast recall to religion. He pays occasional visits to his local church already.

But when he told me that those visits were more a survival of the churchgoing habit he acquired as a boy, and that he actually heard the Archbishop's message and found it made no more appeal to his inner self than a business talk over a telephone—adding that he had always seen more true Christianity practised outside the Church than inside it—I decided he was worth a trial.

First he volunteered some details about himself. They will help you to form a picture of the man.

He drinks and enjoys it—although not to excess. He is one of the "I enjoy my pint" persuasion. He plays cards for modest stakes, and usually manages to lose.

His one reason for not betting on horses is that he thinks it would be unfair to his family for him to have more than one gambling habit.

And he is fond of talking of the war, in which he served for four years. His wife tells me that the phrase "Ah, that's when I saw real Christianity. Straight from the heart. None of your stained-glass window stuff" has been the theme of everything he has uttered on the subject of Christianity ever since.

I asked him his views on any recent church services he had attended.

His reply to that was: "Well, it seems to me that the average parson of to-day preaches Sunday after Sunday to the same smug, self-satisfied crowd. Whatever they learn from his sermon



He plays cards for modest stakes and usually manages to lose

they seem to leave in their pews until the following Sunday."

Well, we went to Holy Trinity Church, Brighton, the church that the famous R. J. Campbell used to fill to overflowing. Perhaps he thought some dull-as-ditch-water cleric was nowadays instilling gloom where there used to be fire and rhetoric.

If so, he was not reckoning with the present vicar, the Rev. A. T. Woodman Dowding.

What more outspoken statement could you expect from the pulpit than this, appropriately enough on the subject with which these articles have been dealing, the Archbishop's recall to religion?

"On the face of it," said the Rev. Dowding quietly, earnestly, "you would expect a clergyman to endorse the Primate's appeal a 100 per cent."

Then a pause. Then a rise in his voice. "And I wish I could."

"But I must confess that I feel most

pessimistic about the ultimate success of this appeal. Certainly I see the necessity of something being done, but my pessimism and my anxieties are concerned with the method of doing them.

"To what religion are we invited to return? To what is the Archbishop recalling us? What kind of religion—the religion of Christ or the religion of the Church? There is a great difference.



"I say that a change of mind is wanted in the world," he added, "and the point is this: Are the men and women of this

country going to take religion seriously, so that it shall no longer be a kind of ecclesiastical pastime for a limited number of clerics, but become the solid business of every man and woman?"

That was one of the biggest difficulties, he said. Official Christianity had not sufficiently stressed the individual's duty towards his neighbour.

Even now he had not reached the peak of his outspokenness.

"Listen to what the Bishop of London says. He says that he believes—well, what does he believe? He believes in a policeman with a truncheon. In force.

"The Archbishop of Canterbury says it can be a Christian duty to kill.

"Well, I have never heard that before, and I am sure you have not. It makes me more certain than ever that we need a great change of mind in the country.

"You don't tell me that the world has got to be deluged in blood again because of some worthless tropical deserts of which we have so many we cannot use properly.

"I say they are not worth a British sixpence, and I say it is a sin against the civilised world. . . ."

My companion leaned towards me excitedly. "That's the stuff," he whispered.

"And I thought you spoke somewhat slightly of parsons?" I asked.

"Of some parsons," he replied, with such emphasis that another member of that rapt congregation turned round with an indignant "Sh-sh-sh-sh!"

The whole of the sermon was up to the sample of the part I have quoted in utter downrightness. And the parson's

outspokenness had not faded a whit when we interviewed him in his vestry afterwards.

No need to tell him, as this black-coat worker did, that his immediate problem was to wonder what the Church could do for him and the thousands of middle-class people who, like him, found religion offering very little real hope or help or relief from the drabness of living.

"I don't wonder," he said to that.

"And do you, as a clergyman, think the Archbishop's wireless appeal is going to make any difference?"

Mr. Dowding smiled at that. "You always know when something is really important news because it gets into the funny papers," he said. "The fact that the Archbishop's appeal got into *Punch* suggests that it made an impression—but I think it could only have been extremely feeble in any reaction it set up."

"Do you think," he was asked next, "that it was addressed to everybody, or only to members of the Established Church?"



To which he replied:

"Assuming that large numbers of people in this still officially Christian realm did decide to respond, I think that the traditional forms—whether church or chapel, or any of the bodies organised for Christian propaganda—would be unlikely to appeal to the mass of them."

"A hit in the eye for the Primate, surely," said my friend.

"No," said the vicar. "It just expresses my doubt as to what the Archbishop is recalling us."

The black-coat worker then said that there was no real lack of interest in Christ or His teachings in the world. People followed those teachings who thought they weren't Christians.

"And there you have it," came the vicar's reply. "I don't think there is any assumption required regarding the authenticity of the Bible, and the words of wisdom are there.

"Look at the genius in Christ's sayings. Let people weigh and ponder them and it won't be long before they find the Great Truth which all of us—whether consciously or unconsciously—are seeking.

"In the innermost heart of every human being there is a common desire for neighbourliness—latent to varying degrees. It is in those innermost hearts that the words of Christ meet us.

"But how are we going to realise this gospel of life? By the help of the Church—yes! But only if the churches as a whole make it their business to further this New Citizenship.



"This is where missionaries

and ministers so often fail.

They will talk about repentance, and when a man gets that preached to him Sunday after Sunday it either drives him away or helps to create sceptics and prigs—where there is no full realisation of the meaning of repentance.

"It is not repentance in the commonly understood form that is asked for, but as Christ so often indicated, a change of mind—a very different thing.

"Change of mind—that is the secret. I am as sure of this as you and I are talking to-night. Unless the people of this country face up to this change of mind—and realise that their ways of thinking are wrong—we are going straight for destruction.

"The Church must face up to it. Then it will find plenty of seekers. And you, and many like you, will not be left with the problem of wondering what the Church can do for you."

Next Week:

The Woman who Suffered

THE HUMAN MACHINE



IF you're in a rut and don't like being in a rut, don't sit still and grumble about it. Get out of it. Otherwise stop in it. It's up to you.

For the way to get out of a rut is—to get out of it. It's the only way. There's no other. Of course it may need courage, stamina, vision—but unless we can summon up and use these qualities when we need them, why are we men? We might, else, just as well be vegetables.

It's no good envying other people, either. Other people may seem to you to have had better luck, better chances, to have had easier journeys, to have

had more help over difficult places, but if you could really have a heart to heart talk with these other people you would be surprised to find that they were envying you just as heartily as you are envying them.

We always tend to make the mistake of comparing what we dislike in our own lives with what we like in the lives of others. And the others are making precisely the same mistake. To compare disadvantages with advantages is a fruitless job. It gets us nowhere. It isn't a true comparison.

People who remain in a rut usually have their eyes so firmly glued to the rut that they can't see the bigger and wider world beyond it, a world full of all the chances anyone could wish. Or maybe the truth is that they won't see it. People are often queerer than one might think!

Anyhow, unless you are prepared to cultivate an adventurous spirit you never will get out of a rut. You'll never get anywhere. The world's big prizes will go to the pioneers.

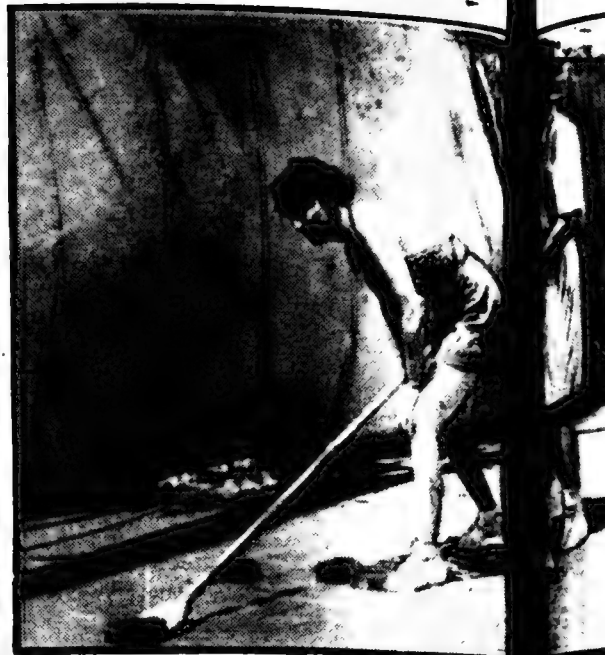


Like countless young couples, Mr. Smith and his fiancée built dream castles in the air . . .



Their wonderful Bullets win made their dreams come true; they were married and soon . . .

were enjoying a honeymoon cruise . . .



Honeymoon in a Million!

THIS is a story that typifies the dreams of countless young couples in love.

Round the world in regal comfort for a honeymoon, with an unending rhapsody of blue skies, sapphire seas, dancing maidens, towering palaces and temples, strange rites and unbelievably vivid bird life. There never was a dream more worth dreaming.

And for two young people in love it has come true.

One month they would have laughed incredulously at the suggestion that it could ever happen. The next—well, it sounds more like a modern fairy tale.

Within a month not only were they busy making preparations for that round-the-world honeymoon, but they had put in the bank a four-figure fortune and were assured of a life pension of £6 a week as well.

And now they are back home again, after seeing in four months more of the world and its marvels than it is given to the majority of people to see in a lifetime. Back home—and telling their friends a true story that makes "Cinderella" seem dull and commonplace.

That story begins on a Friday morning of last summer when a young salesman named Hugh Smith left the flat where he lived with his mother and father at 28, Eltham Road, Lee, London, and went off to his work.

Coming home to his lunch, he suddenly remembered something urgent—something that would have seemed ten thousands of times more urgent if he could have guessed what bearing it was going to have on the lives of himself and the woman he loved.

It was an idea he had worked out

for JOHN BULL's "Bullets" competition.

He remembered with a start that the competition was closing next day. So lunch could just wait while he wrote the idea out on a coupon, enclosed a postal order for the sum of sixpence, dropped the envelope into the pillar-box, and then went home to his meal—and a few minutes of day-dreaming.

Episode One had ended. Now for Episode Two. It was just two weeks later.

He returned home at night to find on this occasion that his fiancée—pretty dark-haired Winnie Kirk—was waiting for him, on her face a radiant smile, in her hand a telegram.

It had told her already, it told him now, that that little lunch-time interlude had won him £6 a week for life, £1,000 down, and a world cruise for two.

One other thing before Episode Two is brought to an end. They there and then decided that that wonder trip should be their honeymoon.

Before another fortnight was out they were married. At the end of last year they set out on that never-to-be-forgotten cruise that has so recently ended.

And now the episodes come thick and fast. From now on we can well leave the story to Mr. Hugh Smith himself. His diary describes all that happened with refreshing breathlessness:—

Our first view of the *Franconia* was at Liverpool on Christmas Eve, Mr. Smith's narrative begins.

She is an imposing vessel, and was painted brilliantly white. On boarding her, we found a veritable floating hotel.

We sailed promptly at 9 p.m., and watched our homeland recede as our great ship made her way to the open sea. We soon became acquainted with our fellow-passengers, and after a few days at sea we were like a big family.

New Year's Eve was a real gala night. It started off with a dance, during which many prizes were distributed. Just before midnight

punch was served, and when the hour struck we all sang "Auld Lang Syne." The celebrations went on into the small hours, and the dining-room was very deserted at breakfast time, but the unanimous decision was that sailors don't care.

January 2, 1937, was a long anticipated day. Soon after lunch the Statue of Liberty came into view, and then the famous sky-line of New York, with the tops of the highest buildings lost in the clouds.

For four days we stayed at a first-class hotel as JOHN BULL's guests. We strolled in Central Park, drove along the Hudson River, visited the Rockefeller Centre and Radio City, and ascended the Empire State Building, the highest in the world.

From the top of this 1,250 foot skyscraper we had a wonderful bird's-eye view of New York.

It was great to stroll home along Broadway, see Jack Dempsey's restaurant, and pause to watch the



latest news flashed high up on the Times Building.

Our one disappointment in New York was not hearing a police car with siren in full screech as in the talkies!

We returned to the *Franconia* to find that many Americans had joined the cruise. The passenger list was 350 strong when we headed for the West Indies under a blue, cloudless sky.

The crew were soon busy erecting the open-air swimming pool. Besides swimming and sun-bathing, our amusements included deck and table tennis, shuffleboard and a mild game called horse-racing.

We breakfasted at break of dawn on January 12, and were early ashore for a drive round the lovely island of Trinidad, with its grapefruit and cocoanut plantations and beautiful tropical flowers.

At sea again, Brazil-bound, we

experienced glorious weather. We crossed the Equator on the evening of January 16, when representatives of King Neptune came aboard.

They gave us leave to proceed on condition that when we crossed the line again in the Indian Ocean we were prepared for a visit from Neptune himself, having ready a large tank of water and loads of soap-suds!

After this proclamation, an original costume dance was held up on the boat deck.

Here, in what was called the Starlight Theatre, concerts and movie shows also took place under the stars.

A brief call at colourful Bahia, and on Thursday, January 21, our *Franconia* anchored for a two-day stay in the finest harbour in the world, Rio de Janeiro.

The "high spots" of our visit to Rio were the ascents by aero railway of the Corcovada mountain and Sugar Loaf rock, from both of which we obtained magnificent views of the city.

We found plenty of low life, too, in the cabarets and casinos, and stayed out till three o'clock each morning!

After several scorching days in mid-Pacific, it seemed strange to hear through the ship's wireless that large parts of my native Kent were inundated with flood water.

I looked through the port-hole of our stateroom on Friday, January 29, and there, shrouded in the distant clouds, was St. Helena!

The coast-line was mountainous and barren. Napoleon's mouth must have dropped when he first saw it!

We landed by rowing-boat and drove inland by mountain road, first stopping at the Emperor's grave. This is in a lovely quiet spot, shaded by trees. We saw a tree planted there by the Duke of Windsor in 1925.

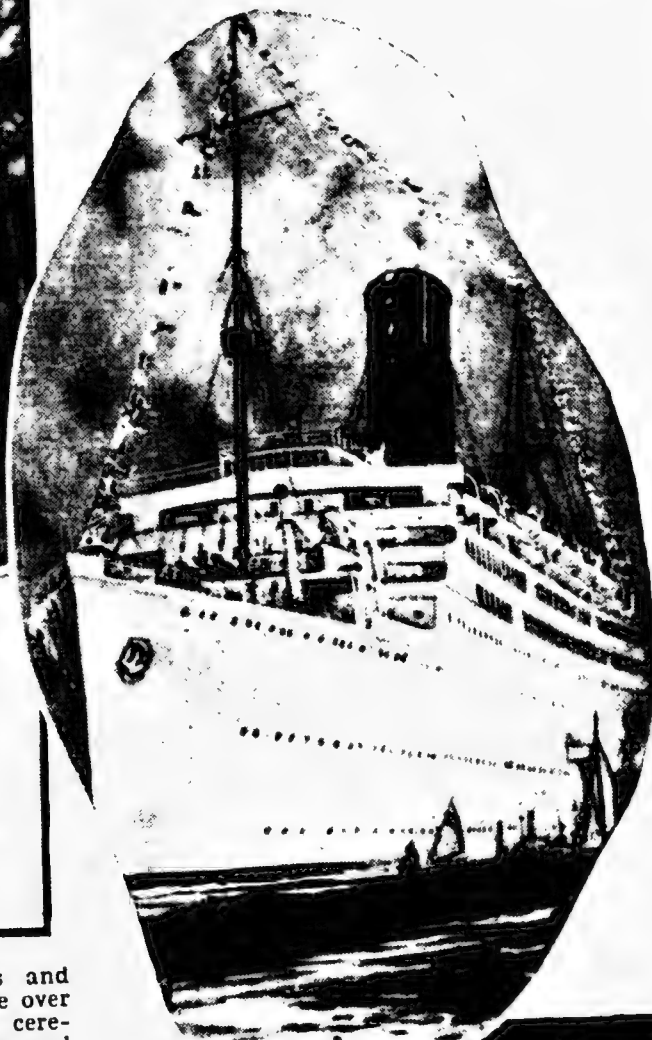
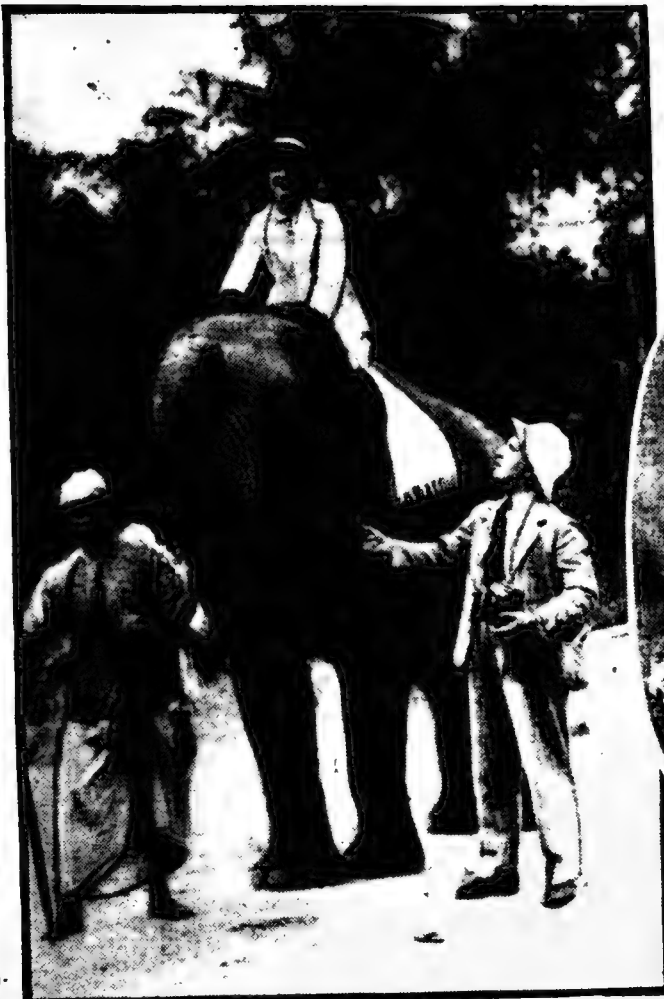
Then we drove to Longwood, Napoleon's home. We saw the billiard-table and chess-board on which he used to play, and the room in which he died.

We sailed in the evening and saw a wonderful sunset over St. Helena—



At Bangkok they saw many marvels . . .

In Ceylon Mrs. Smith ventured to ride an elephant



a glorious finale to a most interesting day.

How time flies! Over a month since we left home, and there's not been a dull moment since we sailed. It's surprising how one keeps meeting new faces on board.

One old lady is making her fifth cruise round the world in the *Franconia*. That speaks well for the service—they certainly know how to run cruises.

A glorious sight met our view when we drew slowly into Cape Town Harbour early on February 3. Table



Mountain towered above us, its flat summit covered with a "tablecloth" of clouds.

Going ashore, we drove to various places of interest, including the Rhodes Memorial and the Groot Constantia Wine Farm.

After some free samples of the latter's produce we felt right on top of the world!

Next day we ascended Table Mountain by an even longer cable railway than the ones at Rio. The air was rare at the summit, and had a peculiar effect on the eardrums.

Beneath us, Cape Town looked like a toy town, and with the surrounding country fringed in mountains it was a picture it will be hard to forget.

We did a lot of mountain motor-ing, including a trip to the Cape of Good Hope.

Then came Sunday and we sailed for Port Elizabeth. So another port was left behind, but we took with us memories of a lovely province and a happy time.

At Port Elizabeth we went to the Snake Park, which contains 500 deadly poisonous inmates.

We saw Johannes, the native attendant, pick them up fearlessly, placing them on his head and round his neck and body.

He has been bitten several times and recovered, and is now thought

to be immune. All the same, I've no desire to take his job.

Near Seaview the driver of our car had to dodge to avoid the tortoises which were strolling leisurely about the road. We saw several wild monkeys in a wood.

At Durban I played in a cricket match between the ship's officers and the crew, whilst my wife drove into Zululand and inspected a kraal.

And that evening we had the thrill of telling the world over the radio of our great JOHN BULL prize.

We nearly lost the ship's surgeon at this port. As the *Franconia* got out into the bay we saw him come dashing up to the quay.

He chartered a tug and eventually climbed aboard by rope ladder, amidst loud and—for him—embarrassing cheers.

Although we were only ashore in Madagascar a couple of hours, we had great fun buying curios. At every port of call passengers barter with the natives, who start off with preposterous figures and come down to almost "gift" prices provided you show lordly indifference.

For peace and solitude in a green paradise, I recommend the Seychelle Islands. The botanical gardens at Port Victoria are the finest we had seen so far. Of special interest were the double cocoanut trees.

We saw huge spiders in some of them, and were told their webs are so strong that they catch small birds in them.

We saw some beautiful birds. The female of one variety with beautiful white plumage lays its eggs and attaches them to tree trunks, leaving the sun to do the hatching.

Some of our modern mothers apparently have nothing on this beauty!

Hundreds of flying fish were taking the sun and air as we sailed Eastwards to India.

One evening we saw a gorgeous sunset from one side of the ship, whilst on the other the moon was casting silvery beams over the ocean.

When we crossed the Equator for the second time, King Neptune came aboard, with his Queen and retinue of sea-dogs, bears, horses, mermaids,

policemen, barbers and surgeons, to preside over the time-honoured ceremony at which several passengers were lathered, shaved and ducked in the swimming pool.

What a thrill it was arriving at Bombay and landing at the Gateway of India! We spent the day shopping and sight-seeing before catching the train in which we were to spend five nights on a trip to Delhi and Agra.

We had an excellent Indian servant, who appeared like Aladdin's genie whenever we pressed the bell.

Delhi's old buildings were wonderful, but never in my life have I seen anything more beautiful or impressive than the Taj Mahal at Agra.

We were entertained by an Indian with tiny performing birds which threaded beads on to cotton, picked out specified cards, and did other incredible things.

Then a conjurer came along, and as for Indian magic—well, I was quite relieved to get away before I got turned into a camel!

It was March 8 when we reached Colombo for a three-day stay. Despite the great heat we thoroughly enjoyed our trips ashore, especially our climb by special train to Kandy.

We saw a devil dance performed, and also watched elephants bathing. They revelled in it like so many big children.

Native hawkers surrounded the *Franconia* in their boats and did a brisk trade. Their chief line was ivory elephants. We got several at very good prices, but our American friends left us standing.

One man bought 300, but the best laugh of the day was when an American woman bought the biggest elephant of the lot.

It took three stewards to haul it aboard! Goodness knows what she's going to do with it!

The botanical gardens we had admired in the Seychelles had to be content with second prize after we had seen those at Penang, with palms and other trees of great beauty, gorgeous coloured flowers, a little waterfall and a lily pond surrounded by masses of green foliage.



Not to be outdone, her husband gave a demonstration of how to handle snakes at Port Elizabeth, South Africa

Our day's outing here was delightful, in spite of the fact that the thermometer registered 125 deg.!

The gardens at Singapore were lovely, too. Near them we tried to photograph some wild monkeys, but they grabbed the bananas we offered as bait and leaped away like greased lightning.

From Singapore we drove into Johore State, and on our way back called at a rubber factory. This interested me, as most of my business career has been in the rubber industry.

Standing on deck for our last view of Singapore, we amused ourselves by watching the native boys diving for pennies.

One made a speciality of diving with a lighted cigar in his mouth and coming up still smoking it!

March 18, spent at sea on our way to Bangkok, was my birthday—probably the happiest I have ever had. We had to get up at 4.30 a.m. so

(Continued on page 42)

JEWEL THIEF CONFESSES—6

Recorded by Stanley Bishop

HOTEL
Robberies
Don't PAY!

Lock-picking, learned in jail, gained entry into many hotel bedrooms . . .

REMEMBER that at Holloway Prison, Blanche Finchley received her tuition in lock-picking from another woman thief.

Her lessons were conveyed in that motionless lip, undertone conversation in which prisoners become adept. She learned the process—"left and up; to the right slightly; left, right very quickly until you touch the spring and it clicks back."

There was another and rather easier method of getting through a door with a certain type of common lock, which was by using a piece of stiff celluloid, which would slide through and gradually push back the catch.

The only trouble about this latter "free entry" was that it took time. Lock-picking was quicker to the expert.

So when Blanche Finchley was out from Holloway, and living in lodgings near Manchester Square, Hyde Park, on the money she had previously hidden,

we have her doing a kind of lock-picking drill with hatpin and wire; trying—when nobody was watching—all sorts of locks—front door; dining-room and bedroom.

In time, she found that she could open any of them with ease, working on the prison instructions.

"Why did you go to all that trouble?" I asked Blanche Finchley, adding, "you came out of prison with good resolutions to run straight, and immediately you began to practise for other robberies. You are just a deliberate, dishonest poseur."

No. She would not have that at all, and argued. "People like you," she said, "and you represent ordinary people, do not understand."

"I wanted to be honest if I could be; if I paid me to be. But if I could not be honest, I wanted to be skilful in dishonesty. I wanted to do my job well."

"Essentially in mind I am honest and clean. I would much rather be honest than a thief. For one thing it is more comfortable. But when I see people putting aside, without care, money and jewels, which they will not miss really if they lose them, or for which an insurance company will pay, and I am hard up—I must have luxury—well, then I take the things."



Try and weigh up, if you can, the mentality of this young woman. Hers is a queer morality. She is perfectly sincere in her outspoken confessions. She does not appreciate values of right and wrong. No real sense of guilt lies on her conscience because of her thefts. She is sorry because she was caught.

As a plain matter of fact her case confirms the growing view that such people are more subjects for a psychologist than for prison. Yet, I do not believe she will err again. Simply because she has judged the possibilities, and reached the conclusion—as most of them do—that delinquency does not pay.

But on the occasion of which I am telling, she was still far from reaching this conclusion.

Having had the idea placed in her head in prison Blanche Finchley resolved to try her luck as a hotel thief. The beginning was at a hotel of good standing, patronised by county people of moderate means, in one of the streets adjacent to Piccadilly.

Blanche Finchley registered as a visitor there, with a single room on the second floor, and plenty of luggage—at least boxes, which indicate plenty of belongings.

"I learned from my friend in prison," she says, "that to do a hotel job one must work quickly. At any large hotel, which is full of visitors, a person passes along a bedroom corridor during the day time once in every three minutes."

"The best time to enter a room is between four o'clock and six in the afternoon, when people are out or at tea, before they come in to dress for dinner."

"My instructress told me never to enter a room of the corridor on which you are living. I followed out that idea. Believe me, I was very nervous, for it was a new line of work to me. I entered two

rooms of married couples, and picked up four rings and one watch.

"For that lot I only received £40 from my 'buyer,' which was not very much more than my hotel bill for a week. I thought the profits of this kind of robbery were exaggerated."

"The robberies were, of course, reported to the management. Detectives came to the hotel from Vine Street police station, but there was nothing to associate me with the business."

"I remained at the hotel two days longer, and then moved out; going to Paris for a week-end. By the time I paid for my week-end I was well out of pocket."

Her next effort of this kind was carried out at a hotel of international reputation. Blanche Finchley made her reservation from Southampton and arrived, with maid—the niece of a friend—at Bognor. She rented bedroom and bath, and spent freely.

Dining in the restaurant alone, she was spoken to by a Member of Parliament of some distinction, and danced with him. Judging from her report, he appears to have conversed with a sad lack of discretion about his colleagues.

"In these hotel escapades," she recounts, "I had the best of clothes, and I really think that I looked attractive. I passed under names appearing in books of reference."

"Never once was my alias challenged. From what I overheard, however, people used to wonder about me. I have heard them say: 'She seems to have a lot of money. Why is she alone?'"

"If I had travelled with an elderly woman, as a relative, things would have been easier. But I never found a woman crook whom I could trust sufficiently as a partner. On the occasions when I did have a helper I was let down."

"Frequently I employed maids, but they were just ordinary servants, knowing nothing of my actual business. They were camouflage."

At her second hotel attempt, Blanche Finchley collected jewellery worth more than £500. For this she was paid £110 by a receiver.



Going to hotels as a visitor meant heavy expenses, so she amended her technique. She secured a job as a chambermaid at a fashionable London hotel.

She was, according to her story, an excellent maid, pleasing her room occupants and getting substantial tips. "I made more in wages and tips as a hotel maid than at any other of my paid occupations," she affirms.

What she was doing was spying out the lie of the land, marking the visitors who left jewellery and money about, noting their habits.

An American couple, in London for the season, virtually made themselves her victims. They were wealthy and careless. The man was out and about most



. . . but the proceeds are often disappointing

days, and so was the wife. When one was going out and the other likely to be coming in, the room key was not left—as it should have been—at the hotel bureau, but slipped under the edge of the carpet outside the door.

Each Thursday afternoon the woman went to her hairdresser in Bond Street.

(Continued on page 26)

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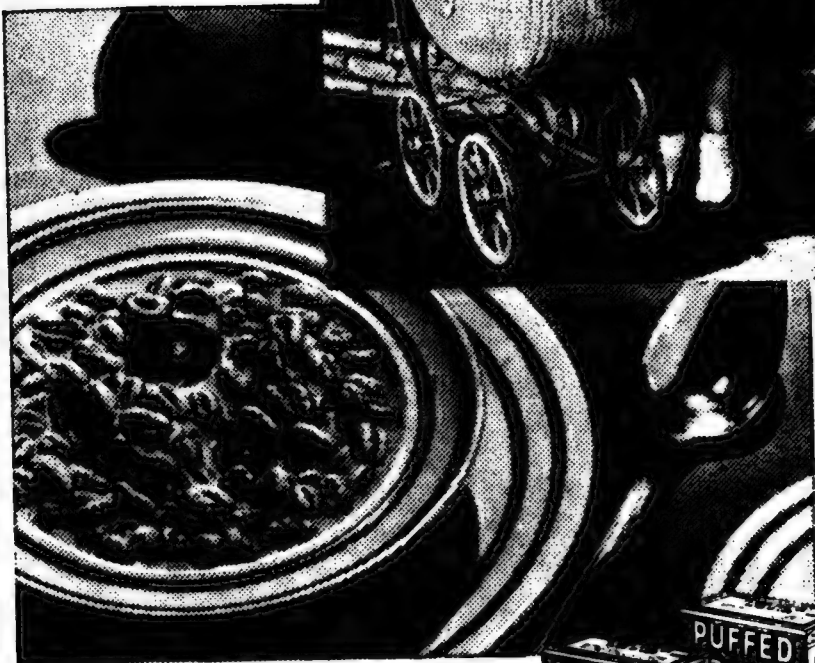
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P.126

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Continuing—Jewel Thief Confesses

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Monte Carlo, where Blanche Finchley made an amazing haul — by accident

DOUBLE-CROSSED by a WOMAN

leaving the key like that for her husband.

"It was a chance which could not be missed"—Blanche Finchley is filling in the details—"but it was a job which I could not pull off myself. If I robbed the rooms I was bound to be suspect. My things would be searched.

"Consequently, I wrote to my Holloway colleague—the experienced hotel thief—who had finished her sentence and was living then with her man at Ealing—at an address in the Madeley Road.

"We met by arrangement, and I confided in her. I told her the room number, where the key was put, and where the jewellery was ordinarily placed in the dressing-table of the bedroom.

"It was agreed she should go to the hotel for tea the next Thursday afternoon. She should take a favourable opportunity, when visiting the cloakroom on the first floor, of going up to the room on the second floor. As for me, I should be off duty and away from the hotel. Actually I went to the pictures with another maid, and thus had an unassailable alibi.

"Everything went off according to plan—but only up to a point from my side.



"When I returned to the hotel and reported for duty I learned, with appropriate consternation, that two of my visitors, the American and his wife, had been robbed. The police were then with the manager. I went to the room and expressed my sympathy with the woman, asking how she thought it had happened.

"Next morning I received a letter from my—shall I call her 'friend'?—telling me that her mother was now quite well, which meant that everything was all right and the stuff sold.

"Directly I was off duty I travelled to Ealing to the house in Madeley Road. There I was informed that the woman and her 'husband' had given up their apartments that morning and had left for Paris.

"And that was the last I heard of her. I never received my share of the theft. I never saw the woman again. All I can say is that I hope she has been sent to prison a score of times.

"It was the worst 'double-cross' ever played on me. In the course of my criminal life I have been let down on three occasions—and each time by women. When I have used a man on a job he has always been fair over the share-out. Which goes to show that only in exceptional circumstances can one trust a woman crook."

While working as a chambermaid, Blanche Finchley carried out robberies at four different London hotels, but she never made what was really a good haul.

Frankly she admits the game was not worth while.

Her most successful hotel job was when she was on holiday at Monte Carlo, resting on the proceeds of a robbery, staged as a faked burglary, at Freiburg, in Germany, where she was employed as a governess.

The Monte Carlo episode is interesting because it shows the amazing daring of this woman; and it also illustrates her exceptional good luck.

She obtained no less than £4,000 in notes—the gambling winnings of an American.

This is the story as she recounts it:—"I became acquainted with the American and his wife at the hotel. They were very wealthy people, and they occupied a large suite on the second floor. They had their child with them, a nurse and a maid.

"On several occasions I was invited to their apartments by the woman. There were two bedrooms, communicating, with bathrooms, of course, and a large salon.

"In this room they usually had their meals served, and the bedrooms would be vacant. Entry to the suite was through a vestibule, in which there was a large built-in wardrobe cupboard for outdoor clothes and trunks.

"Although I was at Monte Carlo for pleasure, and in funds at the time, I did not mean to miss any pickings, and it seemed to me that the Americans might turn out to be suitable providers.

"Consequently I cultivated the woman, and had the lie of the suite clearly in my mind.

"Each night the man went gambling; sometimes with his wife, but more often alone. He played heavily and was a fairly lucky winner.

"He used to return to the hotel about three or four in the morning, and sleep until about eleven, when a breakfast of sorts would be taken in by the floor waiter and served in the salon.

"Always at that time the wife, the child and the nurse were out together by the sea.

"I realised that if I could get into the suite any morning when the man was at his breakfast there would be something for me to pick up in the bedrooms.

"Consequently I made a point of passing through the corridor outside the suite just about the time the floor waiter would be going in.

"I knew from my experience that a waiter, having with him a loaded wagon tray, nearly always leaves the outer door of a suite open while he pushes the tray through into the inner rooms.

"My plan was to slip into the vestibule behind the waiter while he was through in the salon, and hide in the vestibule cupboard until he came out again.

"It was quite easy to do that; far easier than it is to explain. The door was left ajar as I anticipated. I stole

in softly. I was safely in the cupboard I heard the waiter come out.

"Around me were hanging clothes, was in pitch darkness. I put out my hand and felt a man's dinner jacket suit and trousers on the door peg.

"Not really expecting to find anything but just on the chance, I ran through the pockets. In the hip pocket of the trousers was a large wad of notes. I could not tell the value of the notes then because of the darkness.

"Anyhow the size of the packet made it plain I had secured something worth while. No need to make any further search. I was out of the cupboard and the suite and away. The whole affair did not take more than a couple of minutes.

"I strolled out of the hotel, trying not to feel or look excited. I went to a restaurant for an early déjeuner, and there in the women's cloakroom examined the booty.

"The notes were in denominations of five hundred and a thousand francs. The English equivalent I had gained by a two-minute adventure more than £4,000—all in good cash; nothing to be sold to a hard bargaining receiver.

"The American discovered his loss later when he was dressing, and was passing his evening clothes to the valet for pressing. He summoned the hotel director, who was sympathetic, but emphatic that the loss could not have occurred at the hotel.

"He pointed out politely it was far more likely the American was robbed before he returned to the hotel in the early morning. Nothing of the kind could happen at his hotel.

"And in the end the American accepted that explanation. He was not too sure in his own mind about events although on balance he might have been robbed at the hotel.

"He told me all that himself, when in company with his wife he was talking about his missing £4,000, which I had in my possession during the conversation."



For another week Blanche Finchley remained at Monte Carlo. On the return to England she stayed in Paris and bought a whole lot of new clothes.

In London she rented a furnished flat in South Street, Mayfair, at seventeen and a half guineas a week, and had a wonderful time for the next three months.

Then, when her money was nearly exhausted, she tumbled down over a foolish kind of fraud, was arrested, and at the London Sessions sent to Holloway Prison for eighteen months.

"So you have come back to us," they said to her at the prison. "What a pity you cannot run straight."

A Sunday newspaper, in reporting her trial, described her as having "a peach of a style. A peach of a smile. And a peach of a wit."

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His mate asked with scorn:
"Are you cutting a corn?"

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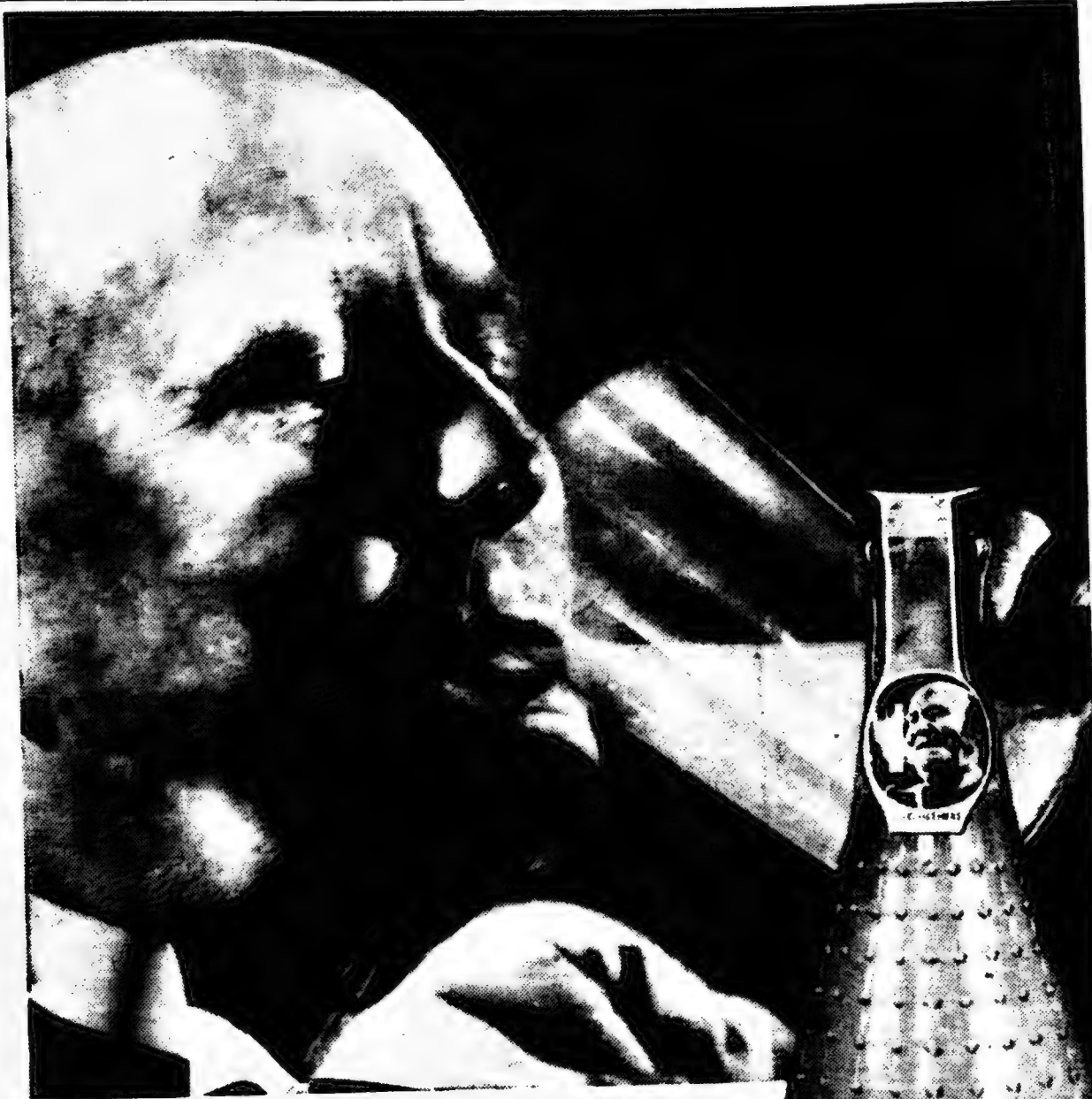
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YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED BY RADIO

Professor Hilton, on November 19th, 1936, from the B.B.C. broadcast a warning. The warning was to the effect that while there are many really good and reliable Colleges teaching by correspondence, there are many others which are colleges by name only. He said some so-called colleges rented a couple of rooms in a large building in a well-known street. Some made great promises which they did not intend to fulfil. Some claimed successes they could not prove. In some cases the names of prominent men were quoted who were in no way connected with the workings of the College.

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The big name of a College is no proof of its national standing. The Bennett College has been established over 30 years and our entire building is devoted to Bennett College work. No other business of any kind is either on or attached to the Bennett College. We have seating accommodation for over 10,000. We have a permanent staff of over 100 people on the College premises. Our Professional Staff have all passed their examinations, and our tutors are all experts in their own specialised work. We do not send out any homework to be corrected by tired, spare time tutors. All students' homework is corrected on the College premises the same day that it arrives, and is returned by evening post. This College is Technical, Scientific, General and Commercial, thus enabling us to cater for all requirements: this is important to Cost and Works Accountants, and all who have to deal with rate-fixing, machining-allowance, and it is also of great importance in many of the Civil Service Examinations. This is an entirely British College. Most of our textbooks are written on the College premises by our professional staff, especially for tutorial purposes. Our tutors specialise in teaching students for the examinations they themselves have already passed.

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Dept. 31, THE BENNETT COLLEGE SHEFFIELD

WITH the approach of the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon, to be held on June 28, many people must be wondering whether any lessons are to be learned from flying's "Black Saturday," less than a fortnight ago.

Shaken by the memory of fourteen people killed in air crashes in the course of one afternoon, nine of them R.A.F. men who dived to death before the thousands assembled at different service aerodromes to see the Royal Air Force on show, they want to know why our airmen are expected to risk their young lives in daredevil feats.

It seems, to them, very much of a Roman holiday.

Well, we have the authority of the Air Ministry to divulge that the Royal Air Force Display will be held with its usual complement of what most people prefer to call "stunts."

Shameful! Disgraceful! The people most affected by the decision—the airmen themselves—would be the first to point out that such epithets are wrong.

The thrills they are called on to provide are aerobatics in which they would have to indulge a certain number of times every year whether vast crowds were gathered to see them or not.

They are stunts, yes—but the sole purpose of every one of them is to make the airman's life safer both in time of peace and war.

We couldn't begin with a better example than that of the spin—the biggest bugbear of flying since the first heavier-than-air machine hopped off the ground.

The nightmare of every airman's life has been that cork-screwing nose-dive to earth. Nothing has caused more casualties. Yet every would-be R.A.F. pilot has to know what it is to be taken down in a deliberate spin before he is allowed to go up alone.

Why? For the simple reason that in peace-time he might at any time find himself the occupant of a machine that is helter-skeltering to earth in a death-dive.

His natural instinct would be to pull his joy-stick back in an effort to bring the nose of the machine up.

He has to learn to do the unnatural thing—push the joy-stick forward, as though anxious to make his plight even worse. That will inevitably save his life.



That in peace-time. In war-time there is an added reason why he should be able to get into and out of a spin at will.

The enemy is diving down on him from above, its machine-gun spitting. Bullets are pattering through his tail. Escape lies in the quickest descent he can make. Down he goes in that reckless corkscrew.

All the enemy could do would be to follow him in a dive with engine full out. But in that direction lies danger

The Greatest of These . .

ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD

Albert's mother thus describes her troubles: "Ever since my husband left the Army in 1919, after serving throughout the war and being a prisoner of war, he has never known what it is to have a regular job."

"We have 35s. a week unemployment pay, and nothing more. Out of that we pay 18s. rent, plus 1s. off our arrears of £2 5s. Then there is insurance, clothing club, furniture and light, which leaves me 8s. to keep five of us. My children are three boys, aged thirteen, eleven and nine. Sometimes we have had bones for Sunday's dinner."

We know only too well that at this time our readers have many calls on their charity, but it is hard when such struggling families as Albert's cannot get a helping hand to lift them out of the depressing rut they have fallen into.

Donations earmarked "Albert" or for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



Albert

Behind each crash is a lesson . . . The R.A.F. allows no unnecessary risks



R.A.F. Crashes The Truth

of breakage of his own wings. On top of that, his engine acts as a brake after a certain point—the man who is cork-screwing stands a better chance of losing height quickly and safely.

Next there is the loop. Picture a British aeroplane in the throes of some mortal combat if you want to realise the benefit of that.

The enemy is behind him, its machine-gun rattling into his tail. As big bombers alone can fire from the tail, victory is going to the machine that is in pursuit. How, then, can the machine in the forefront become the pursuer?

The pilot tilts downwards, then roars upwards in the first part of a loop. Now he is momentarily upside down—now bearing down, his machine-gun chattering in the wake of the other machine.

But why should our pilots have to keep on looping? Surely, it is enough to learn the movements?

Because the man who, in looping, can finish up in his own "slip-stream," as the track of an aeroplane is known, far from losing height through looping, can actually gain height.

And because a well-executed loop—the sort of loop that comes from constant practice—can impose little more strain on a machine than ordinary straight flight.

But what about that particular loop that finishes in a half-roll at its zenith? That enables an attacked machine to sweep upwards out of the fire of a pursuer and proceed in a matter of seconds in an opposite direction—an invaluable manoeuvre in case of war.

The roll—you might think it hard to justify rolling a machine over and over like a log while it is in flight, but it isn't.

Rolling a machine is not at all a dangerous procedure, but no air stunt calls for such perfect co-ordination of faculties.

It is, in fact, the safest and best way of teaching a pilot to become a perfect master of his machine.



You won't see at Hendon the "falling leaf" stunt—the stunt beloved of Immelmann and every German war-time ace, and who used it to give the impression that they had been shot down—for the simple reason that the Air Force has no use for it.

Airmen would no longer be deceived into thinking that a machine was crashing to earth if they saw it swaying to earth in a fluttering way.

Therefore it is an unnecessary movement—and the Royal Air Force has no time for things that are just stunts and

nothing more. But you will see ups and downs flying.

Only the best skilled instructors that. It is their way of teaching pilots that the modern aeroplane is a hundred times stronger than the average fly recruit believes, and that it is far more manageable than most people imagine.

Then there is formation flying. Terribly dangerous, many people say, pilots to have to fly so close together. You will even hear people add: "so unnecessary."

Well, bombers fly in formation to make themselves safer against attack. Isolated bomber is very much at the mercy of a prowling fighter.



Fighters fly in formation to give them a more concentrated fire against an enemy. It prevents them from hugging together as closely as they can when the danger comes from one aircraft, and to open out widely when attacked by anti-aircraft guns.

They must know how to change formation in mid-air for the sake of their own safety.

No, the Royal Air Force allows unnecessary risks—no matter how many hundreds of thousands of people are watching the magnificent force that taxes help to maintain.

So correct the man who says: "murder!" when young pilots lose their precious young lives in training.

The Royal Air Force would be open to such accusations if it failed in its duty of teaching its pilots how to act in a conceivable emergency.

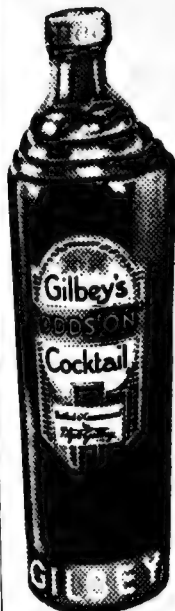


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Also in packets
3" & 6"

Garb J.B.



The place was filled with the terrifying
and deafening sound of revolver fire

Hold-Up

ONE bright Spring morning in 1927 three men came into the hotel where I was employed and asked for a room. They had driven up in a heavy touring car, and by their clothes and appearances they looked as if they had travelled a long way.

"We want the room for an hour or two," the tallest of the three men said. "Then we are going to continue our way to New York."

"We only let rooms, as a rule, on daily terms," I replied.

"The money doesn't matter," the man added. "How much is it?"

When I had told him he took a roll of notes from his pocket and paid for the room. Then he and his companions ran up the stairs behind me as if they had urgent business on hand.

The place where the hotel was situated was very small, and about a hundred miles from New York. I had been there but a few weeks, having gone there from New York, where, since my arrival from England, I had been in private service.

Business in the hotel in the spring-time was always slack, but the lunch rooms, which had been specially built to tempt the passing motorists, did a fine trade.

THE proprietor and three assistants ran the lunch rooms, and I looked after the hotel. Most of the day I was alone, occupying myself with cleaning and dusting.

About ten minutes after the men arrived one of them, a short, dark man wearing a small-brimmed trilby hat on one side of his head, came running down the stairs.

"Say, sister," he said excitedly, "where can I put the car?"

"There's a garage at the back," I told him.

"O.K.," he said, and with that he dashed to the front door.

A few minutes later he returned looking as pleased as Punch.

"Say," he drawled, leaning over the reception counter behind which I was standing, "how long you bin here?"

"Only a few weeks," I replied.

"Do you know a tall guy with red hair and a broken nose?"

There was a man answering that description whom I had seen frequently

playing pool with the proprietor. But who he was I didn't know.

"Yes," I replied.

"Does he often come in here?" he asked.

"Every evening about five," I said.

"I see," he said, whereupon he ran up the stairs.

The next time I saw the man was about a quarter of an hour later, when he came into the little dining-room with his two friends.

Ordering bacon and eggs, they sat down at a table near a window that overlooked the main road.

WHILE I was serving their meal I was aware that their eyes were fixed on me. It seemed to me that they were particularly interested in my hair.

"Say Al," the man who had put the car away said, "she's pretty cute, ain't she?"

Al was the tallest man who had paid for the room.

"Yeah," he replied, "she sure is."

"I understand that you know a guy with red hair?" the third man, a pale-face, shifty-eyed person, said.

When I told him that I did not know the man personally, they fired questions at me concerning his habits, how long he had been in the town, and whether he came into the hotel alone as a rule.

"All I know of him," I replied, "is that he comes in here every night about five and plays pool with the boss."

By this time I had come to mistrust the men. There was something queer about their manner that I did not like. It was as if they were all the embodiment of evil, and I had a presentiment that they had come to the hotel on some sinister business.

At lunch time when the proprietor came in I told him of my suspicion concerning the new arrivals.

"If you ask me," I said, "they're up to no good."

He laughed at this.

He seemed to think that they were friends of the man with red hair.

I saw no more of the strangers until about ten to five, when they came down dressed for travelling. I observed as they entered the hall that their faces were pale and their demeanour palpably nervous.

The man named Al came over to me and told me to get behind the reception counter.

"I want you to stand there and look normal," he snapped.

With that he drew a revolver.

"You stand over there," he said to the man with the trilby, pointing to some curtains near a door that led to the lunch rooms.

"And you," he added, addressing the other man, "stand there."

He indicated a passage to the right of the hall. Taking up their respective positions, they, too, drew revolvers.

Wondering what it was all about, and

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and retelling their big thrill. £5 5s is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 309,455, E. M. Simpson, 20 Emscote Road, Whitton, Birmingham.

scared almost out of my wits. I asked them what they intended to do.

"We're about to go into the woods to pick roses," Al said.

"That's right," the pale man said, "gotta dame in New York who likes roses that grow down here."

The burst of laughter which followed this was harsh and cruel. It came me now that the men were gangsters and to murder someone—the man with red hair!

I felt myself go suddenly cold. Although I had been only a short time in America, I knew enough of the ruthless methods of gangsters, who thought nothing of shooting innocent people down in cold blood.

I realised that if I behaved in a manner that might foil their plan should be killed. So I elected to remain cool and trust to Providence.

As it struck five the men concealed themselves from the view of anybody who might come in from the door. I had, meanwhile, been told that a false move on my part would end with my being shot.

It is difficult to express my feelings as I waited for the proprietor and the man with the red hair to come in. I remember standing there trembling in every limb. As the minutes passed, I felt myself growing weaker and weaker.

Then my legs began to wobble, but I fought to retain my composure, for I was convinced that if I yielded to my ever-increasing weakness the gangsters would think that it was a ruse, and would hesitatingly carry out their threat to kill me.

When after what seemed hours I heard the front door handle being turned, my heart began to beat like fury. With my eyes wide open and every muscle of my body taut, I stared like a person hypnotised at the door.

The proprietor came in first. The fact that he was in conversation with the man with the red hair apparently distracted his attention from me. Had he seen my face he might have sensed that there was something wrong. He came in and moved over to the left of the hall. The other man walked down the centre

of the hall. The proprietor came in first. The fact that he was in conversation with the man with the red hair apparently distracted his attention from me. Had he seen my face he might have sensed that there was something wrong. He came in and moved over to the left of the hall. The other man walked down the centre

FOR a second there was an awful silence, then the place was filled with the terrifying and deafening sound of revolver fire. With this filling my ears I screamed, and finally collapsed.

I learned afterwards that the man with the red hair had been shot dead, and that the gangsters had made good their escape.

It appears that the deceased had been a member of a gang of bootleggers who were operating between the United States and Canada. Having double-crossed his companions, he had been put on the spot.

After five months he had been traced to the small town where I was working. Whether the police ever caught the killers, I don't know.

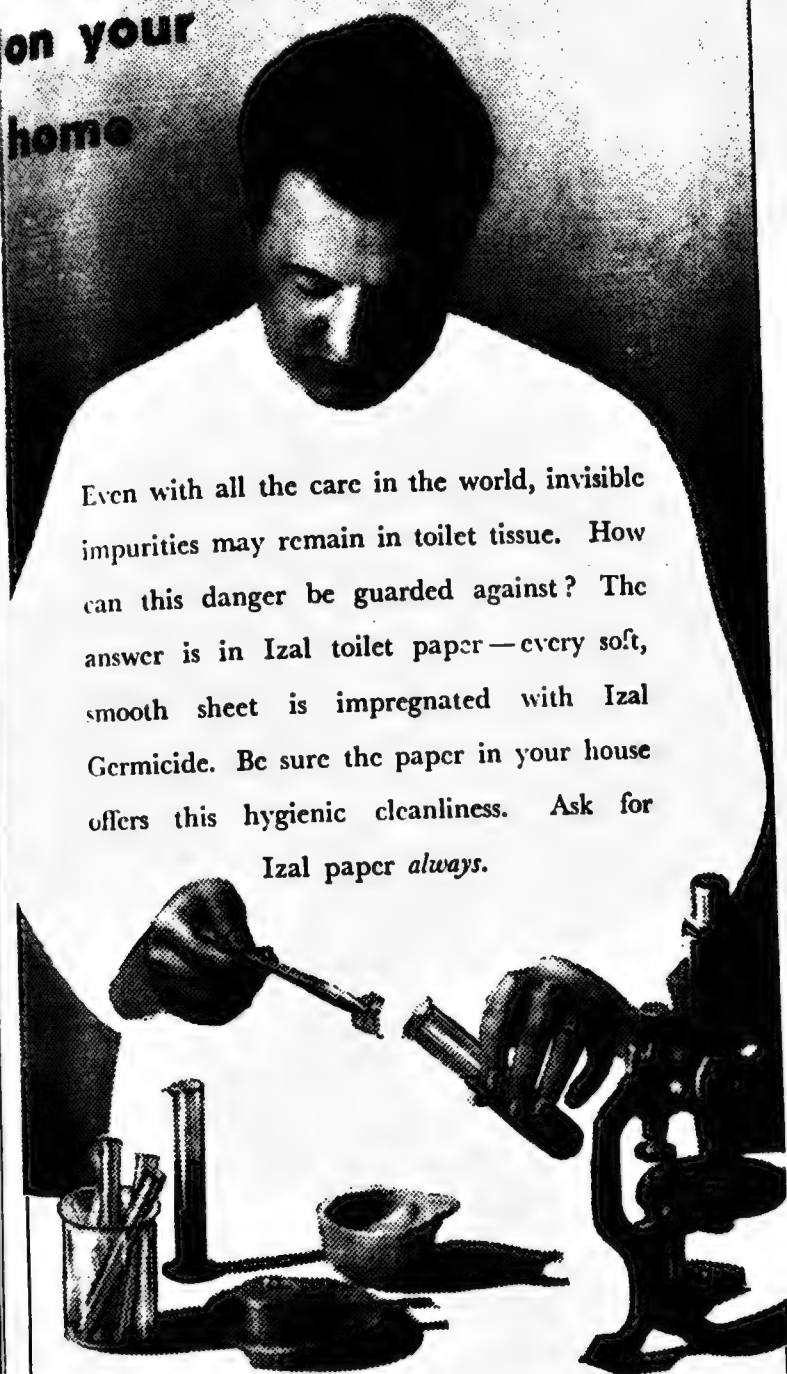
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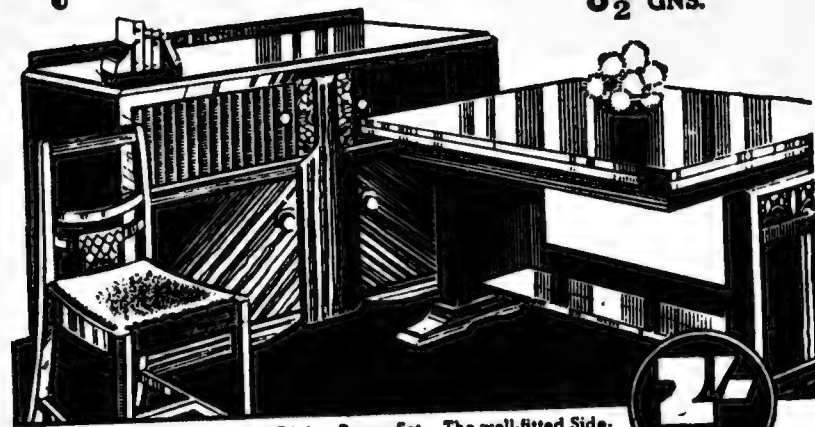
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LIFE'S Hardest LESSON

FORGIVENESS is one of the greatest of all virtues. It is one of the hardest to practise.

One of my readers starts his letter by saying, "I have been hurt terribly by my own wife, and I am in two minds as to whether I should forgive her or not." He goes on to say:—

When we married, six years ago, we were very young, for we were both only eighteen years old. At the beginning things did not go too well with us, but after our first baby was born we seemed to understand each other better. Troubles arose, however, and after three years of married life we separated for three months.

Then we came together again and for a time were extremely happy, but now the blow has fallen. We were talking one evening recently when my wife admitted that during our separation she had been on intimate terms with a man who was an old friend of hers, but that when she realised her mistake she had nothing more to do with him.

I was terribly shocked, for I have never had anything to do with a woman other than my wife, and I have considered leaving her again—this time for good. But as we have now two babies, whom I love dearly, and my wife is obviously sorry for what she did, I have decided to stand by your advice. I love my wife, but if I let this pass, can I trust her the same again?

I would like him to consider carefully the following points. His wife preferred to tell him herself rather than leave him in ignorance or allow him to hear it from some third person. That is to her credit.

Then again, as soon as she realised her mistake, she broke off the relationship with that other man. That proves that she is not bad at heart. It happened, too, at a time when she and her husband were separated. The position of a young wife under those conditions can be difficult.

Now let us suppose that this young man should decide to leave her for good. First of all, what is to happen to his children? Is he prepared to look after them himself? If so, he will deprive them of a mother's love and care. And he will take upon himself a very heavy responsibility.

He must also think of what the effect will be upon his wife. The breaking up of her home, the loss of her husband and children may cause her to lose heart and hope, and she may easily drift downhill. If he loves her, as he tells me he does, he would not want that to happen. This young man says that he has been "extremely happy" in his home life.

From this I assume that, apart from this one thing, she has been a good wife and mother. In view of all these facts, therefore, my strong feeling is that he should overlook the past.

By doing this there will be no reference to it in the future. There must be no "I have forgiven but I can't forget" about it. The attitude must rather be, "The past is over and done with—we make a new start."

It is always a pity when a mother becomes estranged from her children. In my next case there seems no doubt as to where the fault lies.

Three years ago, writes this woman, my husband was fined heavily for a grave offence, although he protested his innocence and said it must be a case of mistaken identity.

My husband's parents did not lose faith in him for one minute, but my mother took an altogether different view. She at once insisted that I should go home for a time, but instead of helping me to forget she made matters worse by continually referring to it and by urging me to get a separation. My husband brought things to a head by telling me that he had obtained work away from the scene of our unhappiness, and when mother saw my mind was made up to go to him she said, "Very well, but don't come here any more. I don't want people pointing at me through you."

I joined my husband and we have settled down again very happily. I wrote to



Blame is not always a simple matter to attach forgiveness is a noble thing

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

mother at once sending our new address, but she did not reply, neither has she acknowledged any Christmas or birthday cards I have sent her.

My correspondent's mother is a victim of wounded pride. And there is nothing harder to heal.

She forgot that my correspondent had the hardest part to play in the drama. And if she could overlook the past and forgive her husband—even if he were guilty—then the mother most certainly ought to have done the same.

There is no doubt that this woman's rightful place is with her husband. And I am glad that they are happily settled down together in a new home and away from all the unpleasant surroundings associated with the past. It would be a good thing now, if the gulf between her and her mother could be bridged. But how is that to be brought about?

Notwithstanding the fact that every approach made by this woman has been rebuffed, I would make one further attempt. I advise her to write to her mother on these lines: "I want to be friends with you. I have done my best to show this by writing on your birthday and at Christmas. The years are passing away. For all you did for me and all that you meant to me in the past I want to see you again." I should like to feel that a letter of that kind would meet with a ready response. If it should fail, is there not someone who knows that mother and who could have a frank talk with her, pointing out the suffering she is causing through her hard-heartedness?

Only the other day in my hospital life I saw the tender reunion between a mother and her daughter. They had been at enmity for years, but before the old lady died peace was fully restored. "I am glad we made it up before it was too late," said that young woman to me. "But, oh! the years we have wasted."

My next correspondent is finding it hard to induce prospective employers to overlook his past.

Just over a year ago, he says, I unfortunately lost my position through having made a serious mistake. I had been working for the firm for eight years, and although my family stood by me and I have a number of influential friends, I have found it impossible to secure another job.

Prospective employers seemed to be well pleased with my appearance, manner, etc., but as soon as they heard why I left my last position, they would not take the risk. Am I to go through life with this mistake always dragging me down?

My people are not well off, but have managed to save a little to provide for their old age. They have offered to let me utilise that money to enter into business

on my own account. Should I buy their capital and start in this, or should I continue waiting in hope that some employer may me work?

I don't like the idea of his taking the money his parents have put for their old age. But it may have come to that. I wonder, however, his old employers would not give another chance.

Could he not go to them and say served you for eight years, and been of one mistake I am thrown on to scrap-heap. I have done my best to another job, but as long as the cloud dismissal from your firm hangs over I am never likely to get one. Won't take me back in your employ, if for a short time to prove that I can make good? If you do that I shall be grateful and I won't let you down. When they realise what he has had go through during the last two months they may relent and give the chance he seeks.

Apart from that there remains splendid offer of his parents. Before accepts it this young man should himself certain definite questions. Is he sufficient grit and pluck to make such a sacrifice worth while? Does he feel that he could make good in business that he will take up?

Is he resolved not to spare himself to work desperately hard to make success, so that he can repay parents fully and with interest? If he is absolutely satisfied on these points and can find a steady and reliable business, then I advise him to accept parents' generous offer.

Send your private problem to "Human Documents" at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosed stamped envelope. Letters sent to Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. At 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Young Girl's Tragic Outlook

"At sixteen years of age my life was made a misery through anaemia," states M. Cherry, of 208, Pittsford Street, Blackpool. "I had no energy, I became terribly miserable and depressed, and lost my appetite, could not eat, and lost weight rapidly; I suffered much from dizziness, I was so nervous that I was afraid to go out, and life seemed hardly worth while."

"At last my mother insisted on my trying Dr. Williams' pink pills, and after the first box I felt definitely better. I was then able to relish my food. My complexion returned to my cheeks, I began to pick up my lost weight, and before long signs of anaemia had vanished."

For the trying years of the teens, when girls sorely need a health-help, Dr. Williams' brand pink pills are invaluable. They give new life and vitality to anemic girls because they actually create new, rich blood—which is absolutely essential to the growing girl. All chemists sell these pills 1s. 3d. a package (triple size 3s.)—but ask for Dr. Williams'.



GET YOUR WEIGHT DOWN

Why let the other fellow get ahead every time? Rid yourself of the handicap of excess fat by tackling the trouble at its source. There'll be no more shortness of breath once Fynnon Salt has stimulated your liver and kidneys and expelled fat-making impurities from your system.

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.

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The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse hair ends which grow back thicker and faster.



This new white cream dissolves the keratin in the hair and its roots, leaves hair below the skin surface. Leaves no stubble—no coarse regrowth.



An amazing new discovery by a celebrated chemist. The hair simply falls away! No odour; no mess or bother. Simply spread the cream on the skin—wash off with water—every trace of hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth, as if that ugly growth had never existed. The razor method is old-fashioned and dangerous. Nasty smelling pastes and powders completely out of date. The up-to-date scientific way is to use a white cream sold under the trade mark new 'VEET' (new and improved formula). Get a tube to-day and end your superfluous hair troubles for ever. New 'Veet' 6d. and 1/3.



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You Can Now Wash Darkened Blond Hair 2 to 4 Shades Lighter—Bring Back Its True Golden Beauty!

NEW VITAMIN "F" STA-BLOND—PREVENTS BRITTLINESS—STOPS DANDRUFF

You cannot shut your eyes to the fact that natural blonde hair is most fascinating to both men and women. It's their blond hair that makes them stand out. But when it turns brown and mousey it lets down your whole personality. It then lacks that alluring colourfulness that makes true blondes so lovely—so desirable. Now you can bring back that lovely natural blond colour—but not with ordinary shampoos... NEW STA-BLOND acts two ways. First, it washes all shades of light hair (fair, mousey or brownish) 2 to 4 shades lighter—brings back the golden beauty of childhood. It prevents fair or blond hair from darkening. Second, the precious VITAMIN "F"—especially incorporated—not only prevents and stops brittleness, dandruff and "falling out" but rejuvenates the roots—makes hair soft as silk, gives it new sheen and lustre. Your "perm," too, lasts longer and lasts longer. Contains no dyes or irritating chemicals. Try it yourself, or insist that your hairdresser use it. Results guaranteed.

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You may "know something," or perhaps "dark horses" and favourites leave you cold. Possibly what to fill your pipe with is more important. Well the Tobacco "field" is pretty big, but when it comes to an 8d. Tobacco, the favourite—Player's "Digger"—can be safely chosen. There's no doubt about its popularity—it has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco in the country. Next time your pouch is empty invest 8d. in "Digger" and back a real winner.

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You're bound to find something of interest or value in the "John Bull" Shop Window on pp. 2 & 3 and the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 16.

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"For two years I was bald all over the top of my head. I tried different preparations, but they did no good. I remained bald until I used Kotalko. New hair came almost immediately, and kept on growing. In a short time I had a splendid head of hair, which has been perfect ever since."

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JUST OUT If you prefer paper as on high-grade packet cigarettes—ask for 'GREEN AG'

Serious OPERATION ordered for PILES

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ONLY sufferers from piles can realise this Teddington woman's gratitude to 'Nemolin.' Tortured for years with this terrible complaint, Mrs. G. could get no relief. She writes: "I attended Hospital, and then St. Hospital for operation, but I suffered agonies after. Doctor wanted me to have yet another operation, but I objected. I tried 'Nemolin'... it was the only thing to give me relief. I've tried ointments from Hospital, but nothing relieves like 'Nemolin'."

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Artist (Chelsea).—"The shapes and designs rain leaves on the window-panes are delightfully intriguing." Unless the wife has sent you out to clean them off



IF you are troubled by any matter—except of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The Editor Laughs Last

AUTHOR (Cambridge).—"I work best in my oak-panelled den." In a brown study, eh?

M. F. (Bristol).—"What is meant by an accommodation address?" A money-lender's.

S. B. (Aldershot).—"Club-swinging is a popular exercise in the Army." It used to be lead.

S. S. (Edgware).—"Having a car is an advantage." One that is sometimes pushed home.

S. N. (S. London).—"Many politicians suffer from indigestion." Through eating their own words?

D. N. (Epping).—"Pillion-riding seems to be more popular than ever." Youth will have its cling.

B. T. J. (Belfast).—"I feel very pleased with my success as a breeder of canaries." Chirpy, you mean.

G. N. (London, S.E.).—"I was doing some private detective work in a racing stable." Ah, a Gee-Gee man.

H. D. (Taunton).—"There's plenty of fun in trying to ride an unbroken mule." A lot of people get a kick out of it.

E. M. (Yarmouth).—"Whenever I feel depressed, I always go for an aeroplane flight." Just to get above the clouds.

C. S. (Riverhead).—"It is interesting to watch the starlings having a dip in the bird-bath." They make quite a splash.

F. T. (Wembley).—"Since my son has had a camera, he has taken only photos of clouds." He's aiming high, apparently.

OUTSPOKEN (Arbroath).—"Over-persistent canvassers are just like wolves." They certainly can't be kept from the door.

UNDERGRAD (Cambridge).—"I have failed in everything but Spanish and Latin." Were these the subjects you didn't take?

A. G. S. (Putney).—"I have invented a kind of revolving ladder. What do you think of the idea?" Well, it should make the food go round.

WRITER (Isle of Ely).—"I had to buy the oldest inhabitant a lot of drink to make him remember his young days." You refreshed his memory.

FRIGHTENED (Portsmouth).—"What chance of being found has a pilot who comes down in the middle of a big desert?" A very remote one.

T. S. (Richmond).—"My next-door neighbour and myself are often doing a spot of gardening at the same time, but he never speaks to me." Haughty culture!

CONJURER (Sunderland).—"I make my dress tie dance to music with the aid of three or four cords attached." You have several strings to your bow, eh?

T. M. M. (Largs).—"A bridegroom nowadays finds it difficult to make up his mind whether his bride has married him for himself or his money." Cupid or cupidity.

STATISTICIAN (Coventry).—"I compute that during the past ten years enough cycle wheels have been manufactured to provide every inhabitant of this country with one." There are sufficient to go round.

W. R. M. (Rochdale).—"I read that an American racehorse owner offered up a prayer when his stables were broken into and his animals stolen." There's nothing unusual in that. Most men get down on their knees when they lose their stud.



"No, I'm not surprised it didn't stop. The driver owes me sixpence."
—From "The Passing Show"

N. S. (Hampstead).—"Even society play darts nowadays." They must be their fling.

C. H. (Wanstead).—"The children so hungry they even ate the biscuits." That's hard.

E. F. (Cuckfield).—"Recently I chased an apary, but before long I found I had paid too much for it." Stung!

F. R. (St. Mary Cray).—"I have an fellow of over eighty working on poultry farm." He's no chicken.

WORKER (Birmingham).—"I never a collar and have no time for a man does." It gives you a pain in the neck.

CORA V. (Altrincham).—"I have a strong objection to being told that I occupy an office-stool." Beneath you.

FED-UP (Leeds).—"My husband is the local brass band and I never hear end of it." He blows his own trumpet.

SHOPPER (Bournemouth).—"They are so busy that customers were lining up the revolving doors." Waiting their turn.

HON. SEC. (Clapham).—"Our club has combined cricket and picnic sections." In addition to your innings you also have your outings.

WRESTLER (Sheffield).—"Naturally didn't stand for it when my opponent said I wasn't fit to be in a ring." He's you out, eh?

SPECULATOR (Fulham).—"I have lost my last penny in a patent collapsible clothes horse." You have put your shirt on it.

S. T. (Axminster).—"Whenever my wife is losing badly at bridge, she leaves the room in a temper, and bangs the door behind her." A grand slam.

MISS M. S. (Bethnal Green).—"I think a ship is the ideal place for a honeymoon." Still you needn't merely be the young couple who have just landed from the *Bulleys World Cruise*. Honeymoon—see page 42 for your opportunity to win a 40,000-mile voyage for two and a pension.

BIDDER (Truro).—"He was so keen to buy the oak panelling that I thought might have hidden some treasure." He felt there was something behind it.

EDUCATIONIST (Worthing).—"Give an average well-trained schoolboy the temptation of a jar of jam and no one could and how will he come out of it?" Stuck.

M. M. (Esher).—"I was recently invited to a country mansion for a week-end. I arrived to find the place ablaze." So you cannot complain that you did not have a warm welcome.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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For more than 70 years Mother Seigel's Brand Digestive Syrup has been known all over the world as the finest of family remedies for Biliousness, Pain after eating, Flatulence, Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Acidity, and other Liver and Stomach Disorders.

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You need no longer be afraid of sleepless nights and inability to carry on your daily occupation. Potter's Asthma Cure ensures you instant relief against attacks of Asthma and Bronchitis and other similar troubles. No unpleasant medicine to take; just inhale the fumes and your breathing will immediately become easier and your distressing cough will cease. Free from opiates and does not cause headache. Always keep a tin handy in the home against future attacks. Potter's Asthma Cure is just as beneficial for Catarrh, Bronchitis of children, Croup and Whooping Cough.

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ASTHMA CURE**

Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores in full and tin at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 10 Artillery Lane, London, E.C.1.
All outdoor workers should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture for immediate relief of Asthma and Bronchitis. Their continued use tends both to prevent and break the force of future attacks.



THE TORTURE OF RHEUMATISM

Thank Grace brand tablets are a wonderful remedy. In your own case, which is one of very long standing, you have certainly given me great relief—I mean when taking them.—Nurse (Cert.), Taunton, So. Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 70, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From 1/3 and 1/6.

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ONLY HALF-CLEAN. No amount of unpleasant brush-work can ever reach round the hidden bend in the pipe. Not disinfected or deodorised.



COMPLETELY CLEAN. Harpic sweeps right round the bend in the pipe—cleans completely. Disinfects thoroughly. Deodorises, too.

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Disinfects! Deodorises!

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**Was THIN
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All Her Life**
...YET SHE GAINED 20 LBS.
NERVES and HEADACHES
VANISHED ALMOST AT ONCE

Like Thousands of Others She Found the
12 Minerals + 6 Vitamins + Food Iodine
in "VIKELP" Quickest Way Yet to Add
Pounds, Build New Strength and Energy

Read her actual letter . . .

"It is with great pleasure that I write to you to tell you of the marvellous change in my health since I started taking 'VIKELP'."

"All my life I have been underweight and easily run-down, and after a very serious motor accident I found it impossible to regain my strength. For several years I was in a very bad state. I had advice from several Doctors both in England and the United States. I spent a large amount of money in medicine including Thyroid, but without result. I had almost decided that I should never feel well again when I read of 'VIKELP'. I got a tin thinking I would give it a trial and was amazed to find a change almost at once. I became less nervous, my headaches disappeared, and altogether I have become a totally different person. Where my bones used to stand out I have firm flesh, and after 3 tins of 'VIKELP' I have gained 20 lbs."

"I can never be too grateful to 'VIKELP', and my only regret is that I did not know of it earlier, it would have saved me much misery. I recently met a friend I have not seen for three years and she was astonished at the change in me as she had never seen me so well or so happy for years."—C. P., Brussels.

99 times out of a 100 these dangerous run-down conditions are caused by lack of sufficient Minerals, Vitamins and Food Iodine in the system. "VIKELP" made from an amazing Pacific Ocean plant, not only contains all the 6 vitally important vitamins A, B, C, D and E, but is the world's richest source of all the 12 essential life-giving minerals (iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus, magnesium, sulphur, potassium, manganese, etc.) and Food Iodine. With these precious elements you quickly normalise your glands, build rich red blood, new energy, strength and add lbs. of firm flesh.

MAKE THIS TEST

Even if you are skinny, weak, rundown, nervous, can't sleep and if even the best foods fail to build up your weight, strength and energy, try "VIKELP" tablets, for 10 days. If you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, have stronger nerves and add extra pounds of good solid flesh the first 10 days, the trial is free. Your own doctor will approve this way. "VIKELP" cost but little. Obtainable everywhere.

VIKELP
BRAND
HEALTH and BODY BUILDING TABLETS

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on **How to Add Weight Quickly**. Build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on human body. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. JH 6, 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 27.

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KEATING'S POWDER has proved
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Germs if Tired,
Nervous, Aching**

Are you Run Down, Nervous, suffering from aching or swollen joints? Do you get up at night or suffer from Burning Passages, Frequent Head-aches, Leg Pains, Backaches, Dizziness, Puffy eyes, Loss of Appetite and Vigour? If so, Evidently have recently discovered that the true cause of these troubles often is Germs developed in the body during Colds or by Bad Teeth or Tonsils. These Germs attack the delicate membranes of your Kidneys or Bladder, and that explains why ordinary medicines fail to help, because they do not kill the Germs.

Fortunately, the doctor's prescription Cystex starts killing the Germs in two hours, stops pain, reinvigorates the Kidneys, and thus restores Health and Vigour. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. To get rid of your troubles start killing dangerous Kidney Germs today. Ask your chemist for Cystex. The guarantee protects you.

HOME LOVERS . . .

Don't overlook the excellent furnishing values on pages 12, 31 & 33. Free Catalogues can be obtained by filling in the Coupons.



THIS
SPLENDID
LADY'S MAC
IS AN EXAMPLE OF
THE WONDERFUL
VALUES OFFERED.

**5%
ONLY**

FORM A
**CHAMPION
CREDIT CLUB**

1,000 BARGAINS
at 2/6 5/- 7/6 10/-

10 MEMBERS ONLY REQUIRED.
PAYMENTS SPREAD OVER 10 WEEKS.

OUR COMMISSION
**WE
TRUST
YOU**
60% IN CASH 80% IN GOODS.

152 PAGE CORONATION CATALOGUE
SENT FREE ON RECEIPT OF COUPON

NAME

ADDRESS

J.B. 54.

The CHAMPION CLUB
REGAL BLDGS. OXFORD RD. MANCHESTER

To all sufferers from
URINARY TROUBLES

The function of the kidneys is to filter off from the blood the fluid we know as urine. This fluid carries, dissolved in it, the nitrogenous waste of the system, a substance called urea, and other impurities.

If the urinary system is not functioning properly, complete elimination of these waste products does not take place, and backache, getting up at night, frequent urination, burning and smarting, the urination and general loss of tone are the result.

Cystopurin (sis-toe-pew-rin) has been used for over twenty-five years for these urinary troubles, and thousands of sufferers have obtained relief.

"I have tried your Cystopurin Tablets, which I am taking at the present moment and now these tablets I have found a wonderful relief in connection with acidity troubles which I get now and again."—MUNICIPAL CLERK, WEST HAM CORPORATION.

Get Cystopurin Tablets from your chemist to-day. They are put up in bottles, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, and are obtainable only from chemists.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.R.10
GENATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE

CYSTOPURIN
(sis-toe-pew-rin)



Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

DOWN

1. Christmas usually puts extra strain on these
4. Perform
6. Be ill
7. To do this when threatened shows weakness
8. Proceed
9. Meadow
11. Particular kind of one is made by machinery
13. Also in hand
16. Bad ones, one after the other, put most people off
17. People often keep under cover
18. Feeling of weariness
21. Abundant
23. Intelligent people are rarely impressed by
26. Likewise at end of Timbuctoo
28. Cooking vessel
30. Poorly paid people naturally get this more often
31. There's trouble for a man when bankruptcy is
this
32. Man who hasn't one is likely to be gloomy
33. Number in attendance

1. Hiker occasionally takes one in pocket
2. Not well
3. Spread of arch in Spanish
4. Round in pub parlour quite often indicates
5. Italian holiday posters tempt people to
6. Stuck with gum
10. Artist's canvas is held on one
12. It's not easy to gauge strength of one's natural
14. Disturbance of peace may result from
15. Splitting these commonly causes separation
16. Unusual one tests photographer's skill
19. Most birds build one
20. Piece of cloth sold in market is quite likely to be this
22. Tact helps diplomat in keeping it
24. Money in proof
25. Baby wears one at meal-times
27. Well described as woolen
28. Sonny's rabbit is one
29. Foam

M	A	I				C	T		
I						L	E		
									M
				D					M
S						A			
N		E				U			E
						P	R		E
				S	O	S			
B									
		C	K		F	A		E	
		E	A						N

JB 66

**ENTRY
FEE**
for 2 Squares
6d.

SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

M	A	I					C	T		
	I						L	E		
										M
					D					M
S	E						A			
N	A		E				U			E
						P	R			E
				S	O		S			
	B	A								
		C	K		F	A		E		
		E	A							N

JB 66.

**ENTRY
FEE**
for 4 Squares
1s.

SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD NO. 66, "JOHN BULL,"
57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions, and are not accepted as entries.

**NO CLAIMS
REQUIRED**

NEWS-AGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newagen from whose this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared the £5 will be divided between shared winners.



10. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 277:1033-1034, 1997



100



10



44

12, 1937

STOP your RUPTURE Worries!

Endure Rupture... you can be fit and active in a few days now? What? You are of age or sex, you have a Rupture. You know the Rupture. You will STOP your worries for good. Instantly, and safely, in the privacy of your home, without interference with work or pleasure! Don't wear a useless, old-fashioned truss. Enjoy the comfort and security that only a Rupture can offer—lead an active life, knowing that Rupture is healing as well as holding. Feather-light, durable, yet really **GREAT IN PRICE**, doctors recommend Brooks. You owe it to yourself and family to find out about this proved Rupture. Find out how you may TRY A Rupture. Send for free book **AT OUR EXPENSE**. Send for free book (just in plain sealed envelope), and stop your worries for ever!

COUPON for FREE BOOK

(Post to either London or Manchester)
BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(LONDON), 55, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(MANCHESTER), 11, Milton Chambers, Milton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.
Please send me by post in plain wrapper your Rupture Book and full information about your Rupture for the Cure of Rupture and your **FREE TRIAL OFFER**.
Name.....
Address.....
Post Office.....
Cut out and Post—TO-DAY—

FREE CASH PRIZES.

Five prizes to be first and numerous other cash prizes are offered by the proprietors of "JOHN BULL" for the best last line of a book appearing in the advt. on page 27. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry for this Simple Competition NOW! Note closing date, Friday June 25, 1937.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Size: 10 1/2 x 10 x 9 in.
A world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-impedance 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every trouble standing in the way of installing a first-class set. For only 5/- per month (plus 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.
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The GRAVES S3 RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. It is built for economical working, yet maintains high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Standard Radio Frequency Coils with four cores; British Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker; 12-volt Accumulator; Long-life R.T. Battery; Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two-tone of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in two boxes including aerial and earth equipment. Write for details to GRAVES LTD., 24, 17.6

IMPORTANT! You should understand that the price quoted is for the complete set of equipment. The price quoted is all you have to pay. P. R. of London, W. 14, writes:—"Received S3 Wireless Set from Graves. It is really more than I expected, friends who have heard it are absolutely amazed at the results, tone and power. Believe me, in London here, there are sets around that cost more than double the price of my S3, and not half as good in comparison. I am delighted."
P. R. of London, W. 14, writes:—"S3 Radio Set arrived safely on Tuesday. It is really more than I expected, friends who have heard it are absolutely amazed at the results, tone and power. Believe me, in London here, there are sets around that cost more than double the price of my S3, and not half as good in comparison. I am delighted."
FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets, write to GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.

NERVES SHATTERED THROUGH CAR SMASH

*Chaufeur's Nightmare Experience
Dragged from Blazing Car
in nick of Time!*

**BAD NERVES
BAD DIGESTION
BAD SLEEP
BAD DREAMS**

Marvellously Restored to Health by

Dr. Cassells Tablets
(From Our Own Health Investigator)
South Harrow, Thursday.

"I felt I just had to write to you because I was marvellously restored to health by Dr. Cassells Tablets."

I was sitting in the home of Mr. P. Lynch who lives here at South Harrow, having gone there in response to a request from him and this is how he opened our interview:

"I was a chauffeur," he went on, "and I skidded on an icebound road. The car turned a complete somersault and burst into flames. I was dragged clear just in the nick of time!

For hours afterwards I was quivering. I was physically sick with the shock—flopped out and unable to move.

DEPTHS OF DESPAIR!

"How long did this feeling last, Mr. Lynch?" I queried.

"For months," he replied. "I was a nerve-shattered man. Merely walking out of the house into the road was sufficient to bring me out in a cold perspiration, my nerves were so bad. I could not bear the company of others—yet when left alone I sank into the depths of depression and despair. I had to give up my job—driving was out of the question. My digestion was bad and I had to force myself to eat. At night I was troubled with bad dreams and only



Once so sadly afflicted Mr. P. Lynch can smile again thanks to Dr. Cassells Tablets

snatches of sleep. I wondered if I should ever be well again."

"Yet now you look the picture of health!" I remarked.

"Yes, I do," he said, "and I thank Dr. Cassells Tablets from the bottom of my heart for making me so."

"And it was entirely due to Dr. Cassells Tablets that you regained your health?" I asked.

"From the first dose I felt relief," he replied. "With every succeeding dose I felt the return of new nerve strength, energy and vigour. To-day I am better in health than I have ever been before."

THOUSANDS BENEFIT!

Every day thousands of people are benefiting from the marvellous formula known to fame as Dr. Cassells Tablets. No suffering man or woman should deny themselves the glorious health which Dr. Cassells Tablets can so surely bring! If YOU are a victim of—

**HEADACHES
INDIGESTION
NEURALGIA
INSOMNIA
LUMBAGO**
**HYSTERIA
NEURITIS
SCIATICA
"NERVES"
DEPRESSION**

Get a bottle of Dr. Cassells Tablets NOW
Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

9 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD NO. 64

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 64, the Adjudication Committee decided that the authors of the most meritorious sets of answers on one square were the following nine competitors who submitted Squares differing at one point only from the most meritorious sets of answers seen in Square on page 40.

Mrs. F. Baghead, Camp Hill, Rushmore, Northampton; E. J. Fenn, 14, Granville Road, Fallowfield, Manchester; W. Harrison, 25, Riverside Park, Dunsdon, Sussex; E. G. Smith, 25, Eldon Street, Bolton; Mrs. A. E. Scott, 15, The Grange, W. Wotton, Great Yarmouth; E. Baker, 7, Handover Street, Sheffield; Mrs. W. C. Taylor, "Ridgeway," High Green, Regent, Wigan; Mrs. E. P. Trueman, 12, Seale Street, Southbridge; F. E. Whistley, 55, Dunsmuir Avenue, East Ham, E.A.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £1,000 and a cheque for £111 2s. 6d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 15, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelopes to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 75 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £1 6s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

An additional Bonus Award value £2 will be sent to each Runner-up in this Contest who entered in one envelope two sixpenny entry forms bearing the same name and address.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 400 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious answer will be posted this week.

BROOM'S INTERNATIONAL COURSE

Acclaimed by all the leading Journalists as:
"The Most Successful Course of All Time"
OVER 45,000 Testimonials by Accountants' Certificate

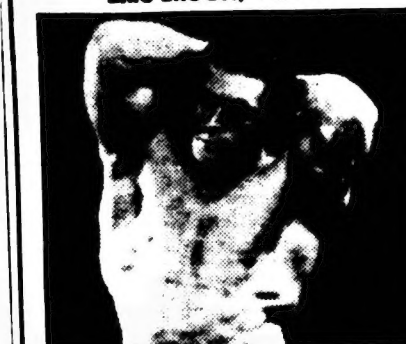


H. BROOM. The World's Premier Physical Culture Expert.

The Photograph below of Eric Broom at 18 brings another INTERNATIONAL RESULT, which can only be obtained by this method, and which is acclaimed the World over as—"The Most Successful Course of All Time." His development makes him a just claimant to the title of the World's Most Perfectly Developed Boy.



ERIC BROOM, AGE 18.

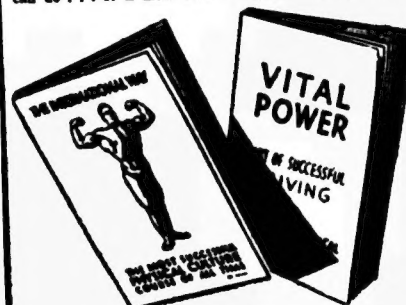


Pupil RON WALKER, officially Britain's Strongest Man.

Special Offer, 36/- or 1/- Weekly.

MAIL A CARD NOW FOR THESE TWO FREE BOOKS!

I have published an Instructional Book which clearly shows the surest and quickest way to Health and Strength and how to overcome Worry, Habits, Nerve and Intensity Complex. It shows how thousands of readers just like you have been turned into outstanding personalities. . . . Their Dreams have come True. The Book is FREE to every reader. You will be staggered at what this Modern Power can do. . . . It is more than a Physical Culture Course.



VITAL POWER (for men only)
WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW

COUPON

To
H. BROOM,
Broom Hall, Holderness Rd., Hull
Please send me without obligation your TWO FREE BOOKS, THE INTERNATIONAL WAY and VITAL POWER.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Please use block letters. J.B.

Mighty TRAVEL, CASH and PENSION PRIZE in 'Bullets'



WORLD CRUISE FOR TWO

Your 40,000-mile voyage in S.S. "Franconia" with chosen companion includes visits to New York—Trinidad—Rio de Janeiro—St. Helena—Cape Town—Durban—Madagascar—Seychelles—Bombay—Colombo—Penang—Singapore—Bangkok—Java—Bali—Philippine Islands—Hong Kong—Shanghai—Kobe—Yokohama—Honolulu—California (visiting Hollywood)—Panama Canal—New York and so home to Liverpool.

WHO is next for a giant Life Pension, a four-figure fortune and a World Cruise in s.s. *Franconia*? That is the thrilling question JOHN BULL asks to-day—and you can answer it with a single "Bullets" coupon!

When that question was put to "Bulleeters" twelve months ago a similar but smaller 3-in-1 prize was captured by Mr. H. Smith, then living at 28, Eltham Road, Lee. This young winner, with his bride, has just arrived home again, after enjoying to the full a 40,000-mile World Cruise in millionaire luxury, which followed the arrival of his £1,000 cash: after storing up a wealth of happy memories on that wonderful five months' voyage, he has returned to the security of a lifelong income of £6 Weekly from JOHN BULL: his story starts on page 23.

Here is your promised opportunity to follow the Smiths round the world, achieve lifelong security and secure an increased fortune of £1,250. For a few well-chosen words, which you can fit together in the next half-hour, this Record World Cruise First may well be yours!

This staggering First Prize is supported by a splendid array of 100 big Holiday Cheques—and you are invited to qualify (according to the directions given) so that as a winner of any prize from 2s. 6d. up to £200 you will share in a special new offer of £500 in Holiday Cash to be distributed as announced.

On Friday, July 9, a golden Joy Wire will bring JOHN BULL's congratulations to our latest World Cruise winner. If you want that magic message, follow the simple instructions on the opposite page and start on your *Bullets* without delay.

THEY'VE SEEN THE WORLD

(World Cruise Winner's Story, continued from page 23)

that the tender could catch the tide to take us into Bangkok, the Venice of the East.

After an interesting day, during which we visited several Buddhist temples, we had a ticklish job boarding the *Franconia*, owing to the heavy swell.

The tender made a dozen attempts before she got near enough to throw her ropes out, and then we hit the *Franconia* with a thump which threw us in all directions.

Java next. We had hot-cross buns served at breakfast on Good Friday, but apart from that, how different it was from any other we had spent!

Here we were in tropical climes: the sea was so calm that we could see the fleecy white clouds plainly reflected in the water.

We found Bali an enchanting island—nature and natives at their unspoilt best—from which we sailed away filled with contentment and happiness.

The moon shone overhead, turning the sea into a silvery lake, the air was refreshingly cool, and the ship's orchestra played soft lilting music.

We just sat spellbound, as if in a dreamland come true.

At Zamboanga, one of the 5,000 Philippine Islands, we were greeted by a band from the model penal colony, round which we were conducted by a prisoner serving a sentence for homicide!

When a criminal first arrives at this colony he is kept in confinement, but

later, if he proves trustworthy, he is put to work in the outer grounds.

The object of this colony is to turn criminals into law-abiding, useful members of the community, and, judged by all we saw, the scheme is working well.

Another band, this time a United States

Army one, played us into harbour at Manila. Here the contrast to Bali was most striking, for everywhere modern civilisation had made its mark.

We went to a cigar factory and strolled about the city.

After making purchases of cigars and straw hats, for both of which Manila is, of course, famous, we re-joined the *Franconia* and sailed for Hong Kong.

Often, as I've sat writing this diary, my thoughts have wandered back to the Old Country. It's hard to realise how far away home is, and I find myself wondering what my relations and friends are doing.

No doubt they are just going through the usual daily routine, whilst here we are on the high seas, heading for fresh adventure in strange lands. It seems incredible that we two Smiths are having all this good fortune in return for a few minutes' thought and a six-penny postal order!

[Mr. Smith's absorbing account of his voyage round the world will be concluded in next week's *John Bull*.]



£1,250

CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. JUNE 26 FIRST PRIZE JOY WIRE WILL BE DISPATCHED ON FRIDAY JULY 9

546 CASH PRIZES AWARDED THIS WEEK

First Prize, £1,000—Competition No. 1,073:

A. J. MARRIOTT, 70, Lindsay Road, Worcester Park, Surrey.

Example: WHERE THE CHURCH FAILS
Bullet: HER LORD, HER LORDLINESS.

SECOND PRIZE, £100:

Mrs. V. M. BULL, 16, East Street, Thame, Oxon.

Example: New Boy
Bullet: "Clever," So "Learning Lesson."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

A. E. CAPPER, 36, Wormald Street, Almondsbury, Huddersfield.
Example: On The Golden Shore
Bullet: Cyclists Arrived, Three Abreast!

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: M. PALMER, 65, Huron Road, London, S.W.
Freedom Is Precious, So—Mind Bars—Bind Mars!

£15: J. NIGHTINGALE, 111, Avondale Road, Darwen, Lanes.
Providing—Produce Plus Pleasure, Plot.

£10: Miss N. WILLIAMS, 34, Perham Road, West Kensington, W.
Long Journey—Next Door—To Apologise!

£9: J. DOBNEY, 67, Havencrest Drive, Leicester.
Up Again—Because Downed, Again Ex-con-vict.

£8: J. HARVEY, 32, Leyburn Terrace, Middles-brough.
Where The Church Fails—"Mother" Not "Uniting Family."

£7: W. FATHERLEY, 35, Salem Street, Jarrow, Co. Durham.
Packed—Away, Unemployed's Holiday Bags.

£6: Mrs. A. E. LEWIS, 110, Kenn Road, Clevedon, Som.
To Swell The Exchequer—"Fatten" Those Possible Taxpayers!

£5: Mrs. J. LISTER, 11, Thornhill Avenue, Doncaster.
Dishonest—Penny, Opens "Hell's Lid."

£4 10s.: C. O. RANDALL, 10, The Priory, Herts.
To Defend Britannia—Unpleasant Socks Yarn "Stocking."

£4: A. H. JOSLYN, Bashley Lodge, Farnham, Sussex.
Gambling With Lives—"I'm To Own" Room.

£3 10s.: Mrs. HARLEY, Church View, Llandudno, nr. Swansea.
On The Golden Shore—A most "Steady Put Henpeck!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon)

£3: H. R. SMITH, 21, Rushmore Road, Catton, E.
Making His Mark—New "Tea" "Packing" Bowling.

6 OF £2 10s. EACH:

Miss E. F. AYLWARD, Uplands, St. Paul's, Jersey, C.I.
Packed—Landlady's Larder—With Cam-beds!

H. R. CLARKE, 14, Allens Croft Road, Brom-ham.
As I See Things—"Looking A Day's Sight" Soon.

H. FIRKINS, 26, Paisley Road, Bournemouth.
Long Journey—Bore's — Larder's — "Aches."

E. LANG, 45, Plungington Road, Preston, Lanc.
Dad's Cooking—Interrupted—Recipe "Mentioned" "Pint"!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon)

H. J. LEWIS, Collin Mor, Killiney Road, Killiney, Co. Dublin.
Where The Church Fails—Claims Righteous-ness—And Tithes.

Miss B. WORDLEY, The Vicarage, Dedham, Essex.
Colchester.
Made Mother Bore—Sonny "Sewing" Homework's "Grilling."

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2/6 winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

FOR FREE COMPETITION AID ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR CROSSWORD ENTRY.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of *Bullets Bulletin* and JOHN BULL'S *Crossword Gazette*. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Affix
1½d. stamp
here

Affix
1½d. stamp
here

RECORD 5TH WORLD CRUISE OFFER!**£16**CRUISE FORTUNE & PENSION
OR ONE LUMP SUM
OF 3000 GUINEASADDITIONAL
HOLIDAY
BONUS of**£500** *Cash*

As an additional Holiday Cash attraction, "John Bull" will distribute the sum of £500 between those winners of 2s. 6d. upwards in World Cruise Contest who have entered four or more entry-fee or prize coupons bearing same name and address, all enclosed in one envelope with Bonus Certificate provided.

REGISTER FOR SHARE OF £500
BONUS ON THIS CERTIFICATE

BULLETS £500 HOLIDAY BONUS CERTIFICATE

COMPLETE THIS AND ENCLOSE WITH YOUR ENTRY TO BE ELIGIBLE

I enclose this Certificate with (not less than FOUR) coupons for "Bullets" World Cruise Offer No. 1,077; please register me for share of additional Holiday Bonus of £500 with any prize of 2s. 6d. upwards which I win in this Contest.

Are you at present
receiving "Bullets"
Bulletin weekly?
State 'Yes' or 'No.'

Signed

Address

VALIDITY OF THIS CERTIFICATE EXTENDS ONLY TILL SAT. JUNE 26

£200	£100	£50	£25	£20
£18	£16	£14	£12	£10
£9.10s.	£9	£8.10s.	£8	£7.10s.
£6.10s.	£6	£5.10s.	£5	80 of £2

4,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS"
8,000 "STAR TARGETS"

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

READ carefully through the Examples and jot down all the rough ideas my suggest to your mind.

A completed *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words. Your next step, then, is to condense your rough notes to this limit and improve their phrasing so that the meaning of each word is clear, its wording neat and its connection with the *Example* a close one. Suppose, for instance, that the *Example*, in THE FIRST PLACE, has prompted the thought, *We Put Mother, She's Always Fanciful*. That comment is too long and clumsy as it stands, but from it you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, in THE FIRST PLACE—MOTHER—"NUMBER ONE" LAST.

Before you start on your own efforts, study carefully the good points of the leading efforts in our 1,073rd Contest on the opposite page.

Then turn to the Examples and start making your own *Bullets* with confidence, for, providing your entry is postmarked on or before Saturday, June 26, one of them may well bring you that Record World Cruise First Prize.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being fairness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed 'A.C.' Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order; the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must be numbered.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of John Bull, Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A.C."

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—First £10, Second £3, Third £2.

KEEP THIS **£100 HOLIDAY BONUS VOUCHER**

To enclose with your entry for "BULLETS" No. 1078.

I certify that I entered "Bullets" for World Cruise Offer, No. 1,077, of which I can give details when required.

I now enclose my "Bullets" for Offer No. 1,078—please register me as eligible for a share of the £100 Holiday Bonus if I win any prize of 25s. or over in Contest No. 1,078.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

N.B.—Voucher valid only if enclosed with entry for "Bullets" No. 1,078.

CLOSING POSTMARK, SATURDAY, JULY 3.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to
any "Example"

(Competition No. 1,077)

TIDE OF PROSPERITY
NEVILLE'S JOB
TO SAVE MOTHER
ON LIFE'S CRUISE
PAGEANT OF EMPIRE
THREATENING INDUSTRY
WHEN I HAVE A HOLIDAY
OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL
FATHER KNOWS
WHITEHALL FORGETS
POOR CHILDREN
WHERE CARE IS NEEDED
GATHERING SPEED
RUINED HIS HEALTH
IN THE FIRST PLACE
BACHELOR GIRLS
NOT CONVINCING
NOW HE'S LOST

MINER'S LIFE
WALKING
IDEAL COUPLE
FLAGS
TRUSTS
SUITS AUNTIE

SUMMER
GOLDEN
HIS PROBLEM
CLEAN HANDS
WRECKED
BIG HAUL

SHE PROMISED
FIDO THINKS
WITHOUT FAITH
WRITE TO YOUR M.P. AND
"PUT THAT DOWN!"
WHAT WE'RE TOLD
PLEASANT PROSPECT
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER
THE RIGHT STAMP
TO PACIFY HER
WHEN WE RECOVER
WENT TO PIECES
DESERVES MORE
EVIL THAT MEN DO
IF CATS WERE TAXED
FLOODED WITH SUNSHINE
ENGINES OF WAR
TO COMFORT THE AGED

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077)

P.O.
No.

Signed

Closing
postmark
SAT.,
June 26.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077)

P.O.
No.

Signed

Closing
postmark
SAT.,
June 26.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Address

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST POST SATURDAY, JUNE 26.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077)

P.O.
No.

Signed

Closing
postmark
SAT.,
June 26.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,077)

P.O.
No.

Signed

Closing
postmark
SAT.,
June 26.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.

Address

If you want to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,072 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Lloyd, Whithy Road, Ellesmere Port, Wirral.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,077, "John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Health Drama

ON

London's Famous Buildings

STEEPLEJACK'S NERVE RESTORED, STOMACH TROUBLE BANISHED, DIZZINESS ENDED & HEADACHES STOPPED

“By Yeast-Vite”

Brand Tablets

UP above the roofs of London, on the dangerous heights of the topmost pinnacles of some of the World's most famous buildings, has been enacted a Health Drama of vital importance to every man and woman!

How often have people walking along the crowded streets, and seeing steeplejacks on insecure-looking platforms regilding the Cross of St. Paul's Cathedral, the Flames on top of the celebrated Monument or the Figure of Justice which stands above the Old Bailey, wondered how these men managed to face such risks and scale such fearsome heights in the course of their daily work?

To-day we can tell you an “inside” story of some of their perilous work. To-day we publish a letter from that celebrated steeplejack, Mr. A. Kiernan!

The secret of his present remarkable health and strength is YEAST-VITE!

At one time his health failed him and his iron nerve began to desert him!

No wonder Mr. Kiernan was worried! But he was taking no chances! He turned—as have millions of other suffering people!—to the unfailing and swift aid which YEAST-VITE so abundantly provides.

And YEAST-VITE did not fail him!

Read his letter and see how enthusiastically he describes his wonderful experience. In a few minutes Mr.

Kiernan was feeling better! To-day, completely restored to health and strength, he repeats what so many other people have repeated in the past and what countless thousands will repeat in the future, i.e., that

YEAST-VITE
is the most
wonderful
tonic in
the world.

Your QUICK HEALTH Time-Table

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	<i>Glorious Relief</i>	In 5-15 Mins.
HEADACHES	<i>Deliverance</i>	In 5-15 Mins.
LASSITUDE	<i>Vim and Vigour</i>	In 10-20 Mins.
DEPRESSION	<i>Buoyant Energy</i>	In 10-20 Mins.
“NERVES”	<i>Steadiness</i>	In 10-20 Mins.
INDIGESTION	<i>Keen Appetite</i>	In 15-30 Mins.
EXHAUSTION	<i>Animation</i>	In 15-30 Mins.
SLEEPLESSNESS	<i>Calm Repose</i>	In 30-60 Mins.
RHEUMATISM	<i>Pain Relief</i>	In 24 Hours
CONSTIPATION	<i>Regularity</i>	In 36 Hours
IMPURE BLOOD	<i>Purification</i>	In 36 Hours

The Old Bailey
212 feet high

St. Paul's
Cathedral
365
FEET HIGH

**NO CURE
NO PAY!**



Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of 'YEAST-VITE' Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of

“YEAST-VITE,” return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full. Sold everywhere.

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/6, & 5/-



Dear Sirs:—

London, S.E.

Yeast-Vite has proved of the greatest possible benefit to me and I don't know how to thank you sufficiently. I am a steeplejack and you will realise how important Good Health and Strong, Steady Nerves are in my work. You can imagine how worried I was when I began to get severe attacks of stomach trouble, dizziness, and awful headaches. I was heading for a general breakdown. Always working on great heights, these troubles were a source of positive danger to me, and what was worse I found that my “nerve” was giving way!

Having heard such good reports about Yeast-Vite I immediately began to take your wonderful Tonic. My nerves were soothed and steadied at once—a bad headache I was suffering from vanished in a few minutes, within a short time my stomach trouble had gone and I felt a different man altogether!

I have been on most of the important jobs in London: on the cross of St. Paul's, on the Scales of Justice above the Old Bailey, on the House of Commons, on the Monument and other places too numerous to mention. This is proof of how Yeast-Vite has completely restored my health! Now I always carry a bottle with me and I absolutely rely upon your wonderful Tonic to keep my nerves strong and steady and to maintain that perfect health which is so absolutely vital to me. Yeast-Vite is the most wonderful Tonic in the World!

Yours sincerely,

A. KIERNAN.

